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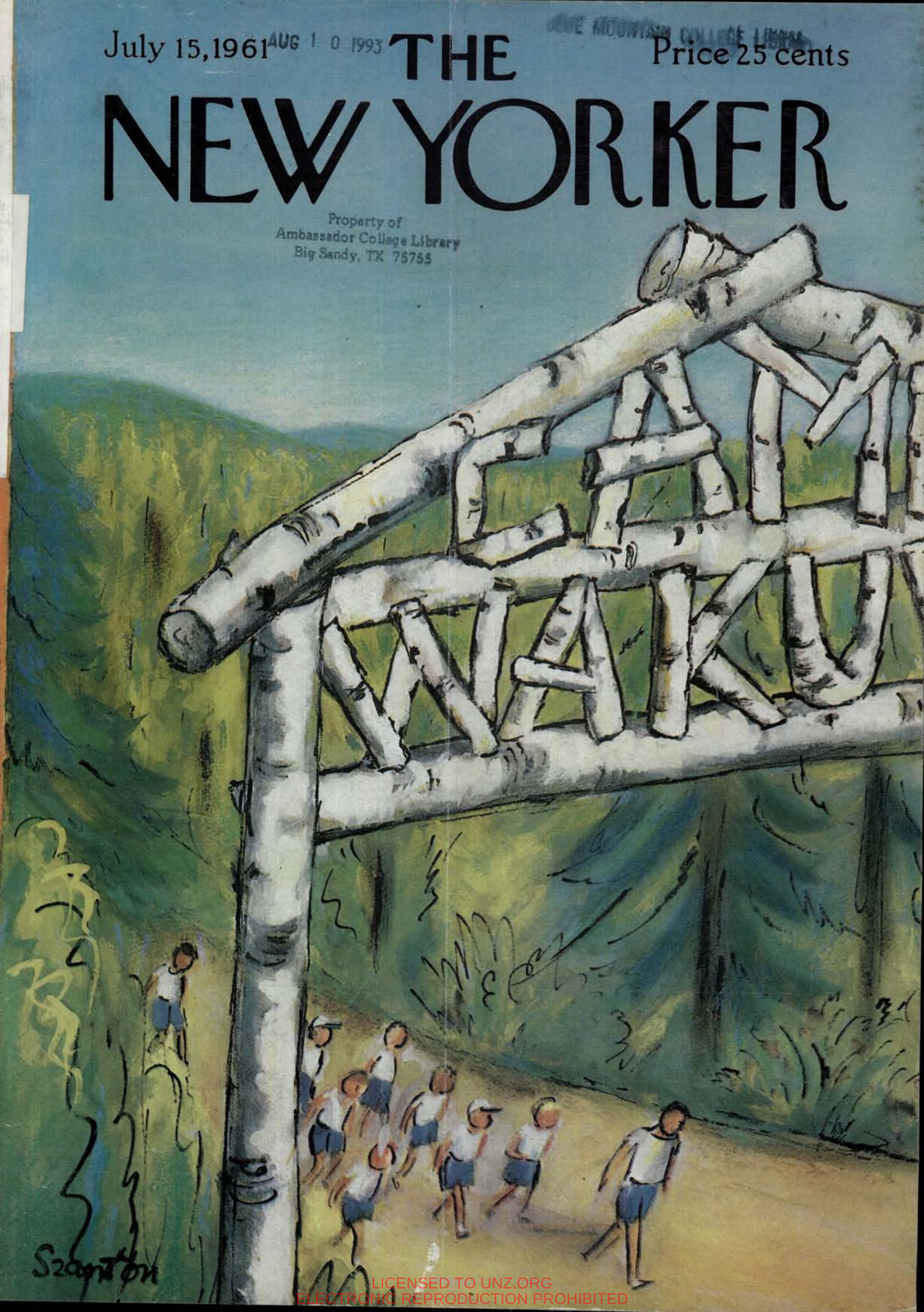
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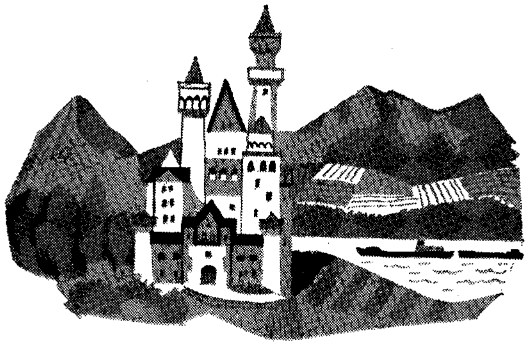

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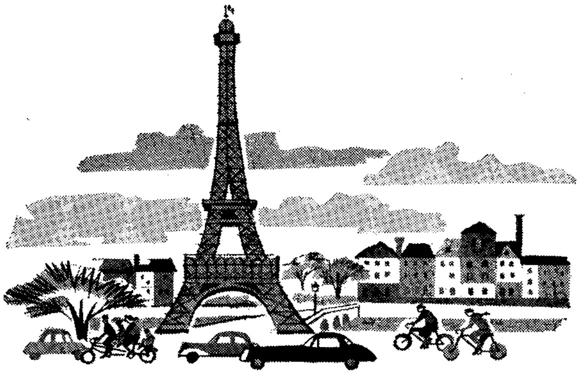

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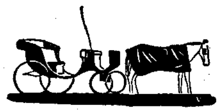
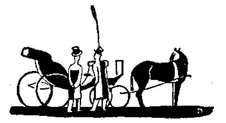


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's rather weak comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Warren Berlinger, Lou Jacobi, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker are impressive in this play by Henry Denker, which deals with Freud's first experiment in psychoanalysis, but the element of suspense is sorely lacking. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—Very funny dialogue superimposed on the old theme of an estranged and charming couple who are trying to get back together. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. Michael Wilding will succeed Mr. Rennie on Monday, July 17. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel leads the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, is altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—a taste of honey: This play by a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor. With Frances Cuka and Hermione Baddeley. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—The plot of this adaptation of the movie "Lili" is a little slow in getting under way, but once it hits its stride, there are all kinds of stimulating doings, including a freewheeling tent show where everything from puppets to jugglers is on display. Gower Champion has directed the play with a lot of verve, Will Steven Armstrong has provided clever sets, and Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard add plenty of liveliness to the proceedings. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Donnybrook!—Eddie Foy and several other sprightly types cutting some cute capers in a play about an Irish-American who goes back to Erin to find peace and quiet and winds up in a terrible turmoil with an Irish girl and her overweening brother. It has music and lyrics by Johnny Burke, and Jack Cole is responsible for the direction and choreography. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. May close Saturday, July 15.)

Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson wrote the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. Iva Withers will substitute for Miss Grimes for one week starting Monday, July 17. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bye bye birdie: Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn are now the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **fiorello!**: The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **irma la douce:** An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the sound of music:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. Reopens Monday, July 17. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

American Savoyards—"The Student Prince," the final offering of the season. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday, July 13, at 8; thereafter nightly, except Fridays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, July 23.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

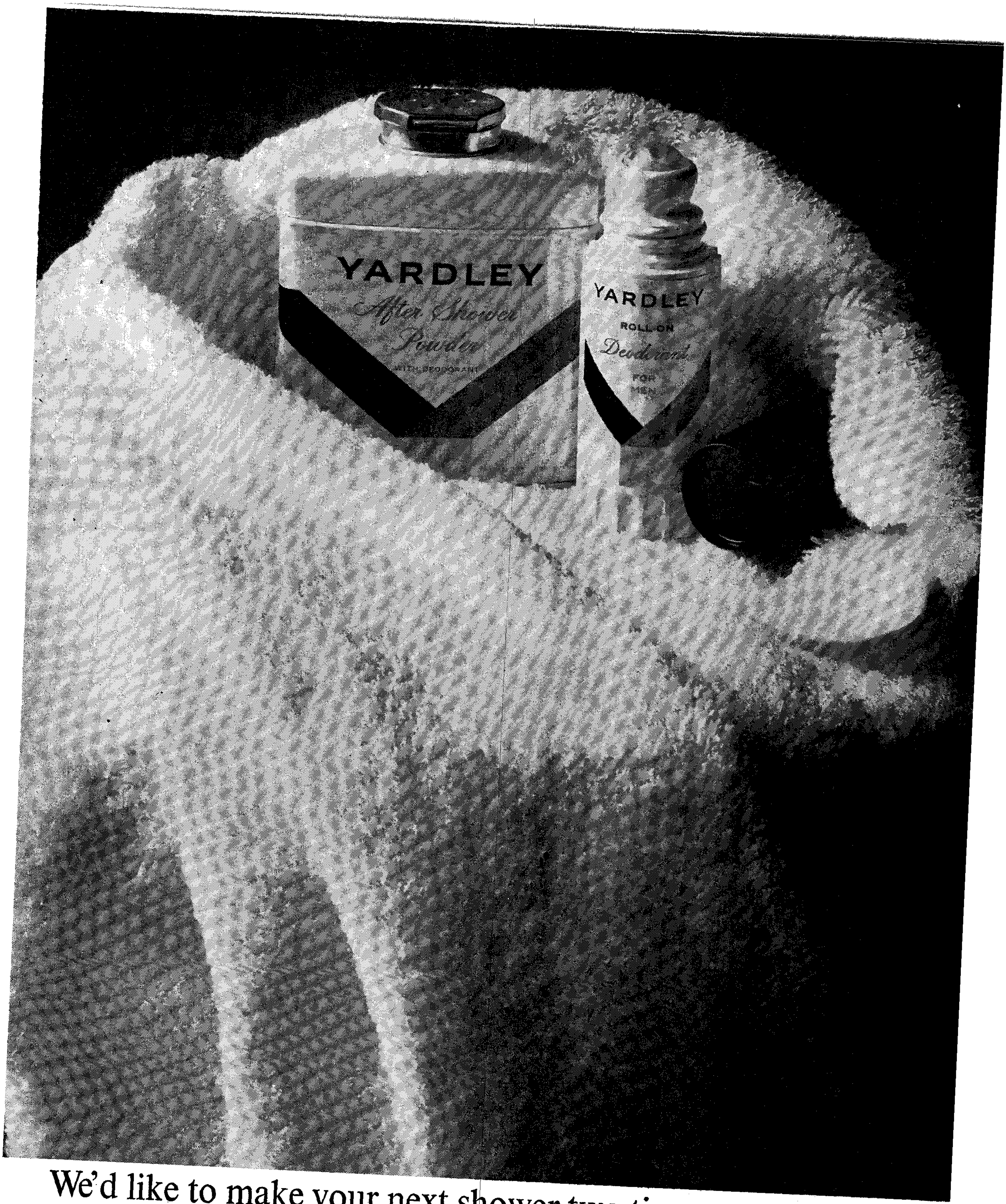
The Blacks—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

41st Street Theatre Summer Comedy Festival—"Susan Slept Here," with Alan Dale and Joy Harmon. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, July 23.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40;

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 22, July 15, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1961, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.



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Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Threepenny Opera—Now and forevermore, apparently. In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Much Ado About Nothing," with Nan Martin and J. D. Cannon. (Wollman Rink, Central Park. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, July 22.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The Old Order changes, but only into its dinner jacket. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's minuscule group of musicians offers invitations to the dance all week long. Renato Rossini's guitar, which alternates between heartbreak and heart's balm, indulges in solo flights every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The cheery Rendez-Vous is presided over by Charles Columbus, an old Mayfair Dances hand, and the small bands of Charles Holden and Mark Monte play on, play on for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the dance band of Milton Saunders, a New Yorker of many years' standing and serving, has the floor most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Up above the world so high, little stars are twinkling in their Balenciaga ball gowns as they waltz to the summer breezes of Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano in which selectivity and sensitivity go hand in hand. He's around from five to ten every night but Sunday.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Walldorfkeller, an inn that would be quite at ease on an Austrian Alp, is filled with the sound of Joseph Seidl's well-played zither until ten every evening but Sunday.

Note—A captain's walk at the top of midtown Manhattan's mainmast can be found in the Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio and a solo piano that start at four-thirty and continue through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Real characters, character actors, and the rest of us, shoulder to shoulder and all made in New York. Marty Berns, who knows the sort of piano that goes with this charade, begins at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight. From then on, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders share the evening stint—lovelorn single and hubble-bubble double piano. Closed every weekend, Friday through Sunday. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): High noon along the Rialto. Despite the traffic's boom, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way from table to table, tailed by a pair of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Wayne Sanders is, for the moment, the Sunday handyman. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Fine Italian hands putting their heads together to produce a Florentine restaurant *cum* bar *cum* dance pavilion *cum* opera house. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. He guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays and a tiny opera company (Puccini and all those cats) Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Rant and rave, Spain's two most popular sports, are now being carried on by a colonial troupe from the Argentine. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine now), and such. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of the wonderland, since he is forever gliding hither and yon with a violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **Malmaison**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): On Monday, July 17, this local version of the Good Life will resume its run. In the bar, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Headquarters for a couple of guys named Dun and Bradstreet. George Feyer, who contributes petitpoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour, starts his summer holidays on Saturday, July 15; on Monday, July 17, Rack Godwin, once part of the irreplaceable piano team of Eadie and Rack, moves in. Closed Sundays. . . . **Left Bank**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A small greenroom that has grown much more sprightly since Cal Bostic sat down at the house piano and began singing whatever comes to mind. The other amusement is the not-to-be-taken-too-seriously picture gallery on the walls and a brace of musicians who are short of well-chosen words. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a pair of street singers and a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. After the theatre, a clutch of orioles (new ones show up every week or so) comes onstage like swallows returning to Sorrento. Closed Sundays. . . . **Luau 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Indigenous stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper. Lew Wolfe, clearly an American visitor, holds down the piano in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **La Zambra**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano, guitar, and soprano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Unadorned (except for the legal minimum) beauty, led by an untamed wildcat named Gloria Le Roy, is presenting a midsummer night's dream of fair women. It's interspersed with a couple of the foreign acrobatic acts of the sort that only the Latin

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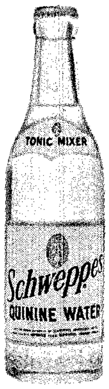

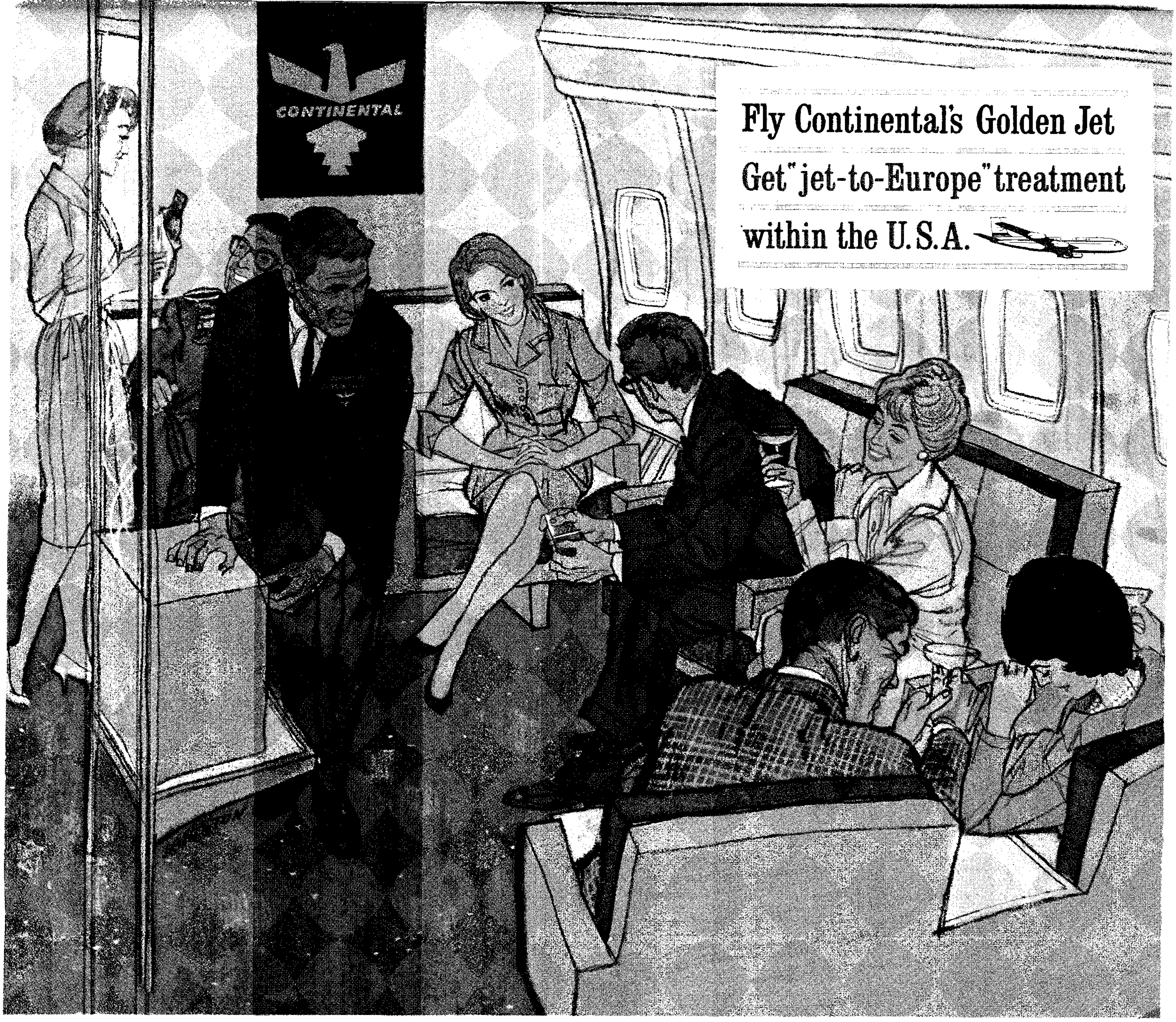
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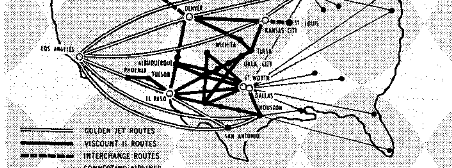
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MOST EXPERIENCED JETLINE IN THE WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Quarter now affords us, as well as some American turns, such as Lonnie Sattin, singer of passionflower songs, and Patti Moore and Ben Lessey, who take their humor where they find it. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Georgie Kaye, who's come down from his mountain lair (the Catskills) to palm off a spate of pretty funny remarks, will be withdrawn from circulation on Wednesday, July 19, and so will Guy Mitchell, whose assaults on 1961 country music may leave you cold in the midst of July. Next evening's main accession will be Julius La Rosa, a voice-of-the-people balladeer. The eight woodland nymphs who execute (and all that this implies) the choreography will be kept on as household pets. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's summer theatre, dedicated—as is its custom—to a miniature revue that passes the literacy test with flying colors. The impishness in the performance thereof is the work of a girl hellion named Freddie Webber, and the sorcery for the two ganders—Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon—is provided by the handsome Lovelady Powell. In between, Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood devote large chunks of the night to the most artful double piano in town. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The revue in the back room is partly entangled in what Latins fear the American tourist likes, but the triad of flamenco fanatics makes up for that, and the dancing of the customers, urged on by Quintero's honest-to-goodness Spanish band, is an extra dividend. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's tense voice does flamenco songs so persuasive that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A lot of the evening is expended on "Greenwich Village, U.S.A. 1961," a toy revue upon which the outgoing ebullience of such New York types as Burke McHugh and Del Hanley is generally wasted. The permanent party—Tiger Haynes and the music of his manic Three Flames, as well as Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier*—is still around. Loumel Morgan and Don Evans do the intermission piano. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Pee Wee Russell's clarinet is again recounting man's sorrows on earth and expressing a determination to do something about them. Ruby Braff and Marshall Brown are among those who are with him body and soul, and Mr. Condon's guitar is now and then added to the mixture. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Adderley brothers, Cannonball and Nat, and their fivesome are solidly assertive about what they want to say, even at the risk of repeating themselves. Junior Mance's trio, taut as a string, just talks blithely to itself. A new set of musicians is due on Tuesday, July 18—Carmen McRae, a spitfire singer, and her trio, as well as a quintet run by Gene Quill and Phil Woods. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Garvin Bushell—are carrying on in blampety-blamp style the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Kenny Davern and his Washington Squares, among them Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Wind-

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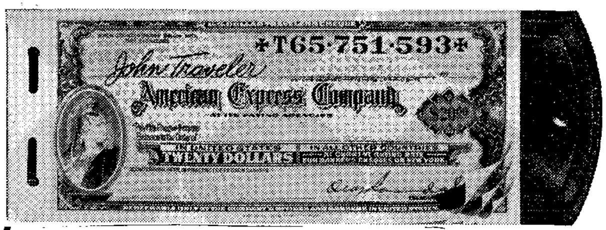

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hurst, and Buzzy Drootin, are making it clear that American music had a glorious past. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): What comes from the Don Shirley trio, which is inside the oval bar every night but Monday, is practically *risorgimento* jazz. Frances Thompson, who does the intermission piano, gives an excellent account of herself, too.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. Gene Krupa's quintet (off duty Mondays), Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays), and Sol Yaged's quintet (on duty Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays.... **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Art Blakey's quintet, which fires one shot after another in the darkness of night, departs on Sunday, July 16; on Tuesday, July 18, Chico Hamilton's hot rods, five in all, move in. Closed Mondays.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The gallery gods, who seem never to surface for air, are being hypnotized by the big Maynard Ferguson band, which ululates as though it were on the critical list. Olatunji's tribe of African percussionists plays on anything handy, including the guests' eardrums. On Thursday, July 20, Art Farmer and Benny Golson, who've been away a long time with their Jazztet, replace the Fergusons. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Though the management, wary of his horn, won't let Red Allen be as big a blowhard as he'd like, he and his foursome manage a good deal of old-fashioned hell. Peter Nero's trio, more tone poem than jazz, would also like to take the audience by storm. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Of late, this has been a tryout town for new collections of Expressionists, and at the moment Booker Little's quintet, which contains Eric Dolphy, and Walter Bishop's threesome are here to prove it. On Monday, July 17, the Littles will be succeeded by the quartet of Ornette Coleman, whose plastic horn performs upon modern music what could be called plastic surgery; on Tuesday, July 18, Walter Dickerson's quartet will replace the Bishops. By the way, Mr. Coleman's new trumpeter is Bobby Bradford, *vice* Don Cherry. The Bishops lay off Mondays, the Colemans lay off Tuesdays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): John Coltrane, who probably would rather be a soloist, has nevertheless equipped himself with three other exponents of *l'art moderne.* Closed Mondays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The pleasure is the listener's as Toshiko Akiyoshi and Charlie Mariano, heading a quartet, bat counterplay back and forth between them. They all depart on Sunday, July 16; on Tuesday, July 18, Lennie Tristano's pensive foursome, now with Lee Konitz in tow, begins musing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI (1720-78)—Engravings; through Friday, July 14. (Rothschild, 27 W. 67th St.)

FRANCES PRATT—A water-color retrospective dating from 1938; through Friday, July 14. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Nudes by Degas, Kolbe, Lehmbruck, Maillol, Rodin, and others; through July 28. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Evergood, William Gropper, Nat Werner, and others; through Aug. 3.... **BARONE,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A mixed-mediums show, with items by Tim Deverell, Jason Seley, Ann Arnold, and other gallery artists and friends; through Friday, July 14.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "From Inness to Today" offers paintings by George Bellows, Robert Henri, Robert Brackman, and others; through Aug. 1....¶ Priscilla Roberts, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 1.... **KENNEDY,** 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through Aug. 25.... **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: A summer group show of paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Henry Koerner, Robert Vickrey, and Raimondo Puccinelli; through July 31.... **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and Leon Kroll are among the nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists represented in a display of oils and water colors; through July 28.... **NORDNESS,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald; through Sept. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10.)... **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by John Grillo, Lee Krasner, David Weinrib, and others; through Friday, July 21. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNAPIK,** 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) ... **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Courtin, Martin Barre, and Kurt Sonderberg are among the artists who have works (mainly paintings) on view; through July 28.... **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Brancusi, Marini, Richard Schultz, Nicholson, and others; through Friday, July 14.... **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Such painters and sculptors as Giacometti, Vieira da Silva, Earl Kerkam, Arp, and Bernard Reder; through Aug. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers....¶ More than a hundred paintings, principally by Impressionist and Post-Impressionist artists (including Monet, Cézanne, and Pissarro), on loan from private collections in the New York City area; through Aug. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31....¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. A supplementary exhibit of more than a hundred drawings and etchings by Boccioni (1882-1916); through Aug. 6....¶ A memorial exhibition of thirty paintings from the collection of the late Mrs. Adele R. Levy, notably works of late-nineteenth-century French masters—Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, Gauguin, and

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others; through Sunday, July 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martín de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—American drawings (Benjamin West to the present) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through Aug. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Special Treasures," an exhibition of cylinder seals, clay tablets, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, illustrated books, and embroidered bindings; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Retrospectives of metal sculptures by José de Rivera and paintings by Balcomb Greene; through July 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 13: Siegfried Landau conducting, with Leonard Pennario, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15: Julius Rudel conducting a concert version of the New York City Center Light Opera Company's production of "Porgy and Bess," with William Warfield, baritone, to be followed by a program performed by Jean Léon Destiné and his Haitian dance company. . . . ¶ Josef Krips conducting a Beethoven festival. Tuesday, July 18: With Michael Rabin, violin. Wednesday, July 19: With Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano. Thursday, July 20: A performance of the Ninth Symphony, with Theresa Coleman, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Norman Farrow, bass; and the American Concert Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: Julius Rudel conducting a concert version of Puccini's opera "Madame Butterfly," with Camilla Williams, soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; Richard Torigi, baritone; and others. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. *In the event of threatening weather, last minute plans are broadcast at* 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in

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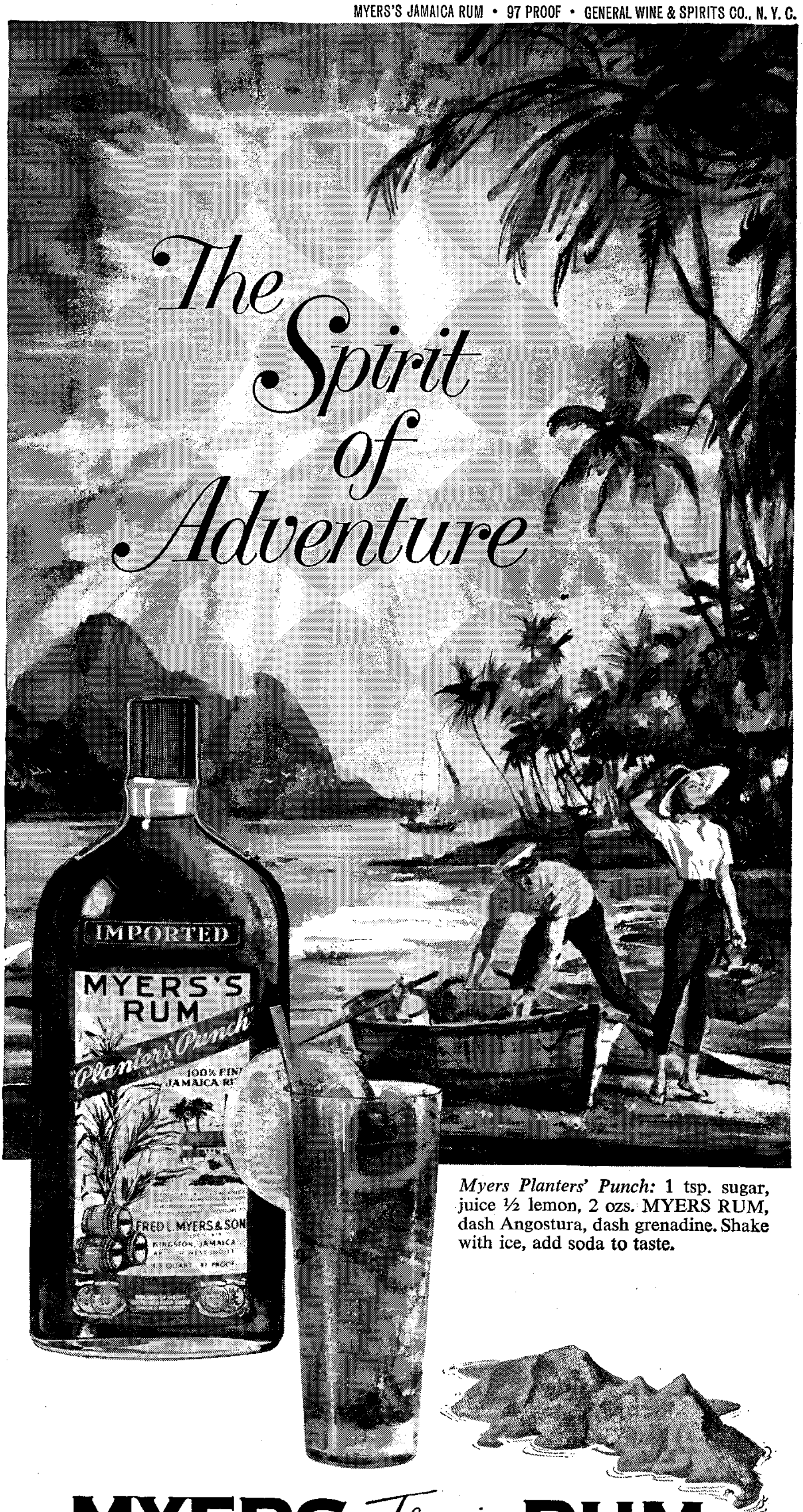

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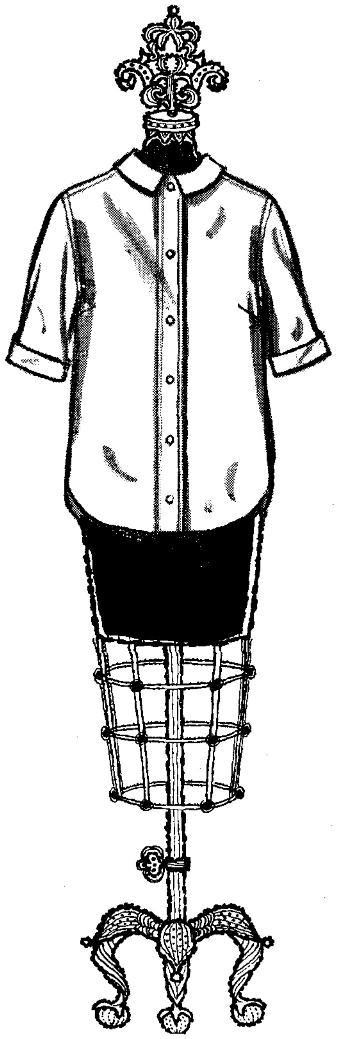

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 18. Colonel George S. Howard will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 16.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra in a concert version of "Carmen," in English. The third in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, July 15, at 8:30.)

Gospel Folk-Music Festival—Mahalia Jackson heads a long list of singers that includes the Clara Ward Singers and the Stars of Faith. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Sunday, July 16, at 4.)

Jazz Concerts—MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GARDEN: Thursday, July 13: Joe Newman's quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 20: The Stars of Faith, with Marion Williams. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **WOLLMAN RINK:** Slide Hampton's octet. The second in a series of six free concerts. (Central Park. Monday, July 17, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Thursday, July 13, at 8:30: Danny Kaye conducting the Boston Symphony in a concert for the benefit of the Orchestra's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Charles Munch conducting a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony musicians in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 14, at 8:30: No soloists. Saturday, July 15, at 8:30: With Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and others. Sunday, July 16, at 2:30: Directed, in part, by Hugh Ross, with Seymour Lipkin, piano; the Tanglewood Choir; and vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 19, at 8:30: A chamber-music concert by the Beaux Arts Trio of New York. . . . ¶ Friday, July 21, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony, with Adele Addison, soprano, and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 15, at 3:30: Diahann Carroll and the Tarriers. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 16, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong and his band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22, at 3:30: The Weavers. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 23, at 8:30: Cannonball Adderley's quintet. (Lenox, Mass.)

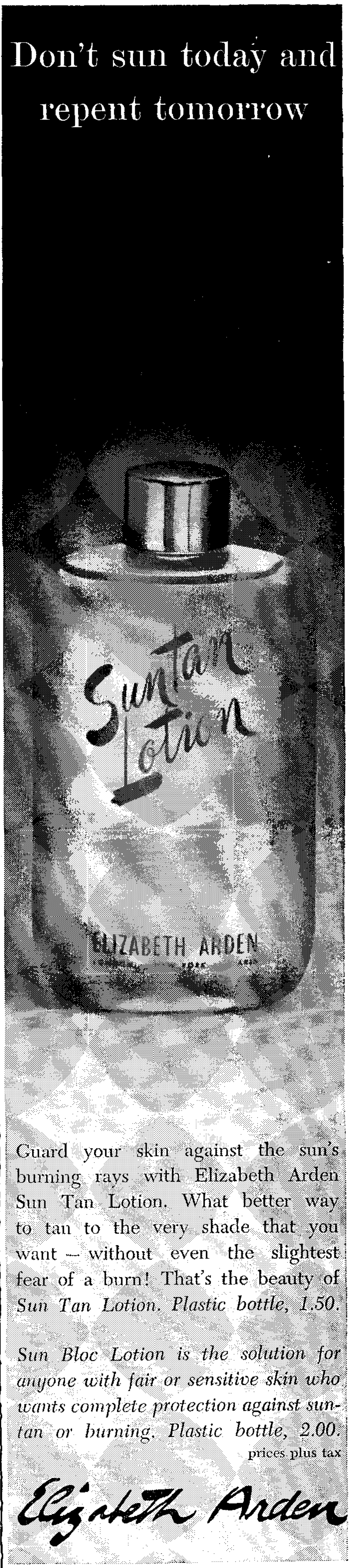
Castle Hill Concerts—Friday, July 14: Dave Brubeck and the Modern Jazz Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15: Duke Ellington's orchestra and the Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 21-22: Ferrante and Teicher, duo piano. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Empire State Music Festival—The Empire State Festival Symphony Orchestra—Six programs by the New York City Ballet. Thursday, July 13: "Swan Lake," "Con Amore," and "Variations from Don Sebastian." Friday, July 14: "Divertimento No. 15," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." Saturday, July 15: "Serenade," "Con Amore," and "Fanfare." Sunday, July 16: "Divertimento No. 15," "Pas de Dix," and "Fanfare." Tuesday, July 18: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," and "Variations from Don Sebastian." Wednesday, July 19: "Serenade," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, July 21: A staged production of Bizet's opera "The Pearl Fishers," conducted by Laszlo Halasz and with Lee Venora, soprano; Giuseppe Campora, tenor; Hugh Thompson, baritone; and Ara Berberian, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 22: Eugene Goosens conducting; no soloists. (Anthony Wayne Recreation Area, Bear Mountain-Harriman State Park. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 6. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

Silvermine Guild Chamber-Music Concerts—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Robert Bloom, oboe. (New Canaan, Conn. Sunday, July 16, at 8.)

Southern Vermont Art Center—Carroll Glenn, violin, with the Eastman Chamber Orches-



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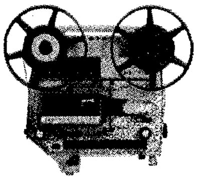

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Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 15: Maria Tallchief and Erik Bruhn (Thursday and Friday evenings, and Saturday matinée), Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez (Thursday and Friday matinées, and Saturday evening), Jean Cébron, Teokila A'asa, and Nala Najan and Sasha.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 18-22: Maria Tallchief and Erik Bruhn (Wednesday evening, Thursday and Friday matinées, and Saturday evening), Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez (Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, and Saturday matinée), and Carmen de Lavallade with Alvin Ailey and his company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8:40, and Thursdays through Saturdays at 3:30 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Rocky Fumerelle vs. Don Fullmer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, July 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 13-16.) ... ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Onondaga Golf and Country Club, Syracuse. Wednesday through Sunday, July 19-23.) ... ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (North Shore Country Club, Glen Head. Thursday through Sunday, July 20-23.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 15; the Astoria, Monday, July 17; the Great American, Wednesday, July 19; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 22.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 15; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 19; and the Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds—Sunday, July 16, at 2:30: Red Star (Yugoslavia) vs. Shamrock Rovers (Ireland) and Español (Spain) vs. Dukla (Czechoslovakia).... ¶ Wednesday, July 19, at 7:30: Rapid (Austria) vs. Shamrock Rovers (Ireland) and Red Star (Yugoslavia) vs. Petah Tikva (Israel).

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Saturday, July 15, at 3:30, and Sunday, July 16, at 2.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, July 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) ... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 15, through Saturday, July 22.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ballad of a Soldier—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Director Grigori Chukhrai tells his story about a young soldier's short leave by concentrating on the faces of two young lovers, played by Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, and by viewing the carnage through their guileless and tragically youthful gaze. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Big Deal—An extremely comic parody of a crime melodrama. A bunch of radically incompetent petty thieves in Rome attempts a difficult safecracking job and at every point outwit and double-cross themselves. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through July 15.)

La Dolce Vita—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is superb, and his picture, which runs for about three hours, is beautiful and exciting from start almost to finish. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

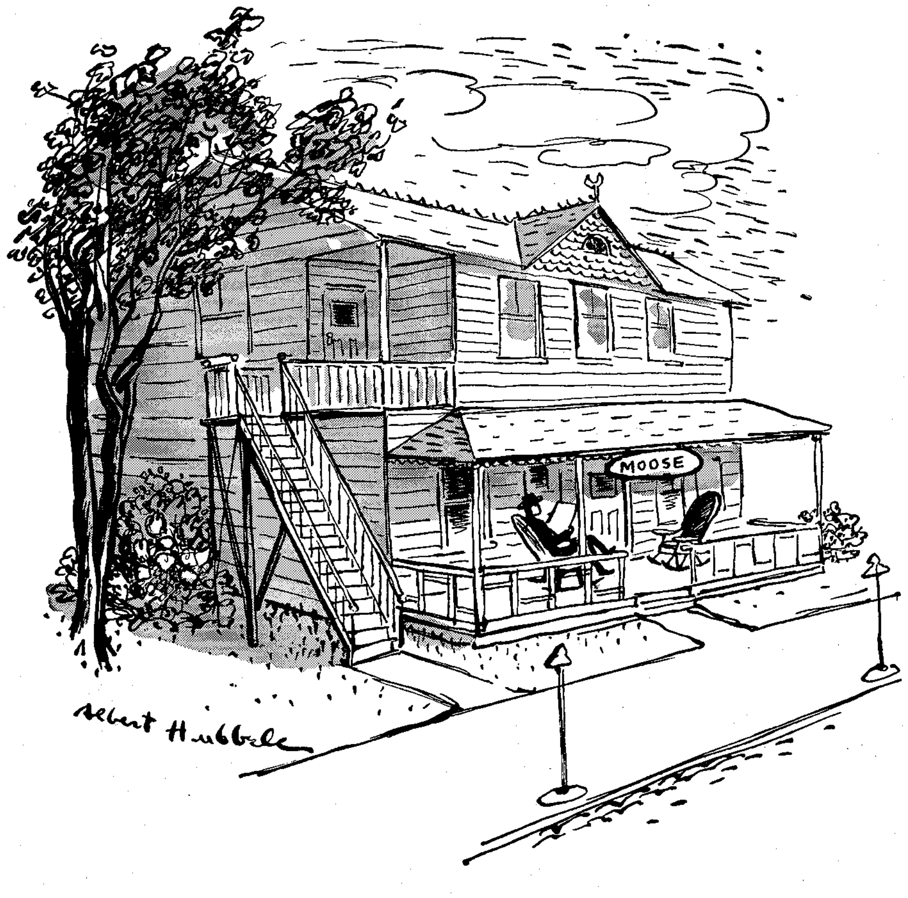
Fanny—An overblown and somewhat overripe non-musical version of the well-known musical comedy. Not the least outrageous thing about it is that it turns out to be delightful, thanks to Josh Logan's unabashedly broad direction and splendid bouts of overacting by heavyweights Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer and lightweights Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

On the Double—Danny Kaye is freer and funnier than he has been in a long time as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general in deadly peril. The cast includes Wilfrid Hyde White and Margaret Rutherford, both of whom add a good deal to the gaiety. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 18, tentative.)

Rocco and His Brothers—A widowed mother and her many sons leave their wretched farm in the south of Italy to find work and an improved social position in the urban north. Luchino Visconti, whose creation this splendid movie is, takes a dark view of the possibilities of life and love, and though you won't be entertained by his long and harsh statement, you will almost certainly wind up feeling glad that you endured it. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—A young English factory worker fighting a private and high-spirited war for independence is the hero of this movie. As played by Albert Finney, he is appealing and, for the most part, believable, even though Mr. Finney's freedom as an actor is somewhat curtailed by rather heavy-handed direction. The script, by Alan Sillitoe, couldn't be better. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Truth—Old-fashioned in form but racy and up-to-the-minute in content, this first-rate courtroom drama about a promiscuous young Parisian murderess (she has killed her lover in what is probably the only disinterested act of her life) stars a brand-new actress named Brigitte Bardot, who is every bit as pretty and sexy as that old non-actress Brigitte Bardot. Henri-Georges Clouzot is the talented man behind both the picture and La Bardot. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)



Two-Way Stretch—A short, cheerful romp behind the pleasant walls of a progressive British prison. Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins are all perfectly smashing in this farce that pokes lively fun at penology and at the usual dreary run of crime movies. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through July 18. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 18, tentative.)

Two Women—The happy scenes in this movie are set in a mountain village in Italy, the unhappy ones in Rome and on the road to Rome. Vittorio De Sica directed it from a script by Cesare Zavattini, which, in turn, is from a novel by Alberto Moravia. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are the principal actors, and everyone concerned is in absolutely top form. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Ask Any Girl (1959)—Shirley MacLaine as a girl who comes to New York in pursuit of a career but would rather get married. With David Niven. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 19.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 17, at 7 and 10.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Caught in a Cabaret," "Dough and Dynamite," "His Prehistoric Past," and "His Trysting Place," all one-reelers from the days of the silents. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 13.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 18.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's wry story concerning a girl who thinks she's going to die. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 17, at 8:15 and 11:15.)

The Pajama Game (1957)—The Broadway musical, translated to the screen. Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 13.)

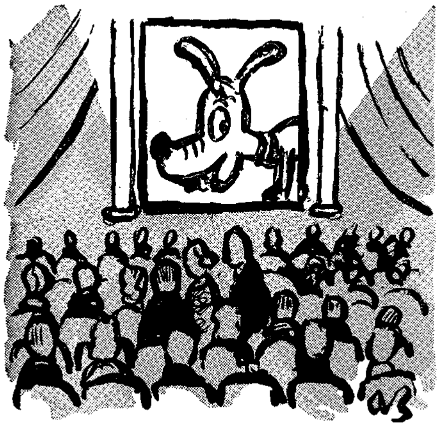
Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; July 17-18.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Orson Welles"—Through July 15: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), with Rita Hayworth. . . . ¶ Starting July 16: "Macbeth" (1948), with Jeanette Nolan. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Parent Trap," Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE TRUTH.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FANNY.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Rebellion in Cuba," a documentary.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through July 18: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss.
From July 19: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 18: "The Ladies' Man," Jerry Lewis, Helen Traubel; and "Love in a Goldfish Bowl," Tommy Sands, Fabian.
From July 19: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 18 (tentative): **TWO-WAY STRETCH.**
From July 19 (tentative): "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Man in the Moon," Kenneth More, Shirley Anne Field.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 15: "The Ladies' Man," Jerry Lewis, Helen Traubel; and "Love in a Goldfish Bowl," Tommy Sands, Fabian.
July 16-18: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.
From July 19: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fate of a Man" (in Russian).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 18 (tentative): **ON THE DOUBLE.**
From July 19 (tentative): "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 18: "The Ladies' Man," Jerry Lewis, Helen Traubel; and "Love in a Goldfish Bowl," Tommy Sands, Fabian.
From July 19: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 18: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.
From July 19: "Morgan the Pirate," Steve Reeves, Valerie LaGrange; and "The Green Helmet," Bill Travers, Ed Begley.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 13: **THE PAJAMA GAME**, revival; and "The Burglar," revival, Jayne Mansfield, Dan Duryea.
From July 14: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," revival, Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through July 15: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian); and "The Captain's Table," revival, John Gregson, Peggy Cummins.
July 16-18: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "Let's Make Love," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.
From July 19: "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli; and "The Hoodlum Priest," Don Murray.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Bridge" (in German).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Secrets of Women" (in Swedish), Anita Björk, Eva Dahlbeck.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 18: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.
From July 19: "Morgan the Pirate," Steve Reeves, Valerie LaGrange; and "The Green Helmet," Bill Travers, Ed Begley.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 18: **TWO-WAY STRETCH**; and "Circle of Deception," Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker.
From July 19: "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Fate of a Man" (in Russian).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 16: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss.
From July 17: "Misty," David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through July 16: "Frantic" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From July 17: "Leda" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
APARAJITO, **PATHER PANCHALI**, and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 18: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.
From July 19: "Morgan the Pirate," Steve Reeves, Valerie LaGrange; and "The Green Helmet," Bill Travers, Ed Begley.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 19: "Flesh and the Devil" (silent), Greta Garbo, John Gilbert. (On Monday, July 17, only, the last showing will begin at 2:45. At 7 and 10, there will be showings of **NOTHING SACRED**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.)

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 18: **HENRY V**, revival; and "Doctor at Large," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Muriel Pavlow.
From July 19: **ASK ANY GIRL**, revival; and "High Society," revival, Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly.

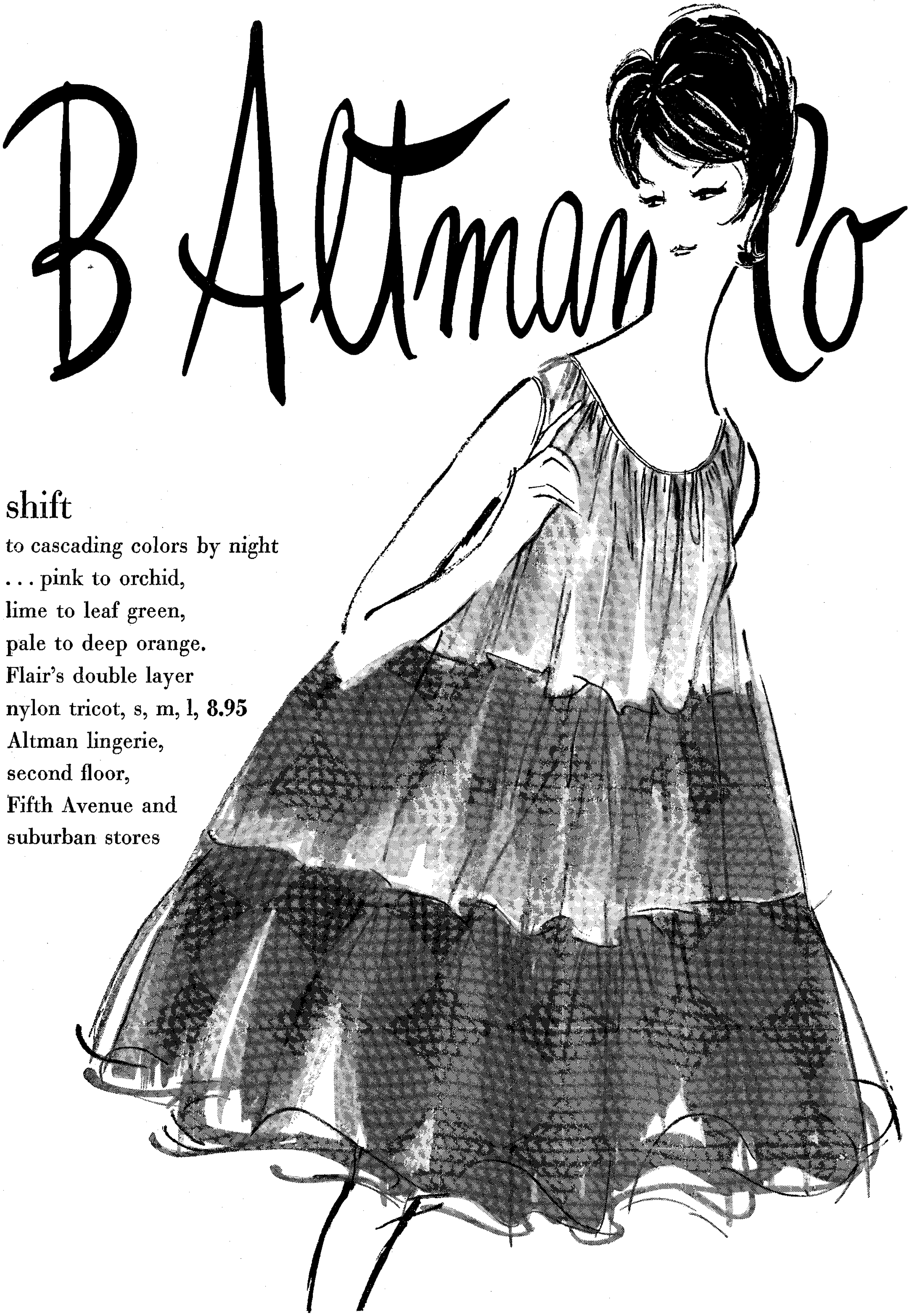
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 13: **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival; and "Days of Our Years," revival, a French historical documentary, narrated in English by Pierre Fresnay and Romney Brent.
July 14: "Your Past Is Showing!," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.
July 15: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.
July 16: "The Bolshoi Ballet," revival, Galina Ulanova; and "The Grand Concert" (in Russian), revival, a film made up of selections from various Russian operas and ballets.
July 17: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and ten Walt Disney cartoons.
July 18: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Erno Crisa; and "Dreaming Lips" (in German), revival, Maria Schell.
July 19: A program of six short films dealing with psychology.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 18: "Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey; and "Most Dangerous Man Alive," Ron Randell, Debra Paget.
From July 19: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 18: **TWO-WAY STRETCH**; and "Sin and Desire" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul.
From July 19: "Confess, Dr. Corda!" (in German), Hardy Kruger; and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian), revival, Galina Ulanova.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 18: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Trouble in the Sky," Michael Craig, Peter Cushing.
From July 19: "Morgan the Pirate," Steve Reeves, Valerie LaGrange; and "The Green Helmet," Bill Travers, Ed Begley.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 16: "The Ladies' Man," Jerry Lewis, Helen Traubel; and "Love in a Goldfish Bowl," Tommy Sands, Fabian.
July 17-18: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival; and "My Uncle," revival, Jacques Tati.
From July 19: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.



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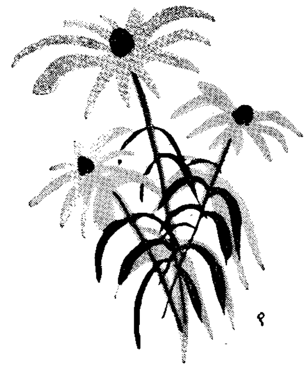
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ERNEST HEMINGWAY began to write precociously, and wrote about a precocious past. At twenty, before he had formed his style, he had almost a life behind him, having nearly died of a shellburst on the Italian front in the First World War. There is a Kipling story in which a man says that if you slap a pony across the nose the first time you see him, he may not love you but he will never forget you. The shellburst was Hemingway's slap. He would not have found this reference to Kipling odd. He learned rather more from him than he did from Gertrude Stein, and so bridged a gap of twenty-five years in literary fashion in a year or two of his own apprenticeship. He was the last big writer to be affected by Kipling's sentimental brutality. What rectified it in Hemingway was that the germinal and all but terminal experience was real. Kipling, as well as A. E. Housman, had a crush on death, like the crush of a boy on a woman he has seen only in a movie. Hemingway had been close; he knew the drawbacks. He also knew that life can be as sweet as the minute between rounds is to a hard-tried fighter; much of his best writing is a catalogue of the things that make it so. Beginning with the intimation that comes to most men late, he was from the start one who looked behind him. He wrote of war and death and violence in a time when they, except in minute quantities, seemed forever past. How distant Caporetto looked when viewed from 1929, the date of "A Farewell to Arms." He might as well have written of Shiloh. The heroes of his novels through "To Have and Have Not," which he wrote in 1937, were usually spent men. The author, having exhausted his past, wandered about the world of the thirties for embers of what he needed to warm himself, shooting poor beasts and chronicling the deaths of bulls. (It was the phase in which we found him least congenial.) Then violence flowered again, and Hemingway, barely forty, became a novelist of burning actuality. In 1940, the year of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," his themes were those we all talked about constantly. The Hemingway hero was no longer a spectator or retrospector but an engaged participant. Recharged, supercharged, with what he needed to write on, Hemingway withdrew to perform the great transmutation—the "big novel" that was to become, in the twenty years that followed, his burden. His undertaking to write it was like a polite offer, made in return for no valuable consideration, that the recipient—in this case, the public—turns into a binding obligation.

Our active role in the Second World War drew Hemingway out of his retreat. It was unthinkable that the amateur of war should stay out of what was advertised as the last one. As a correspondent, he was expected to do the impossible—as if Tolstoy had been engaged by a weekly in St. Petersburg to cover Plevna and was expected to write the equivalent of "War and Peace" every week, against a deadline. He returned to the United States as an irrevocably public personage, exposed to incessant social interruption, which, being a gregarious man, he did not sufficiently repel. Cuba—where, distrusting his own sociable tendencies, he had fixed his home—became for him the most exposed of all domiciles, since every American passing through insisted on looking him up, and Hemingway, more often than not, insisted on having him in. Entranced by his own public reputation, he tried to live up to it, as host, as drinker, as slugger, as sportsman. It cost a lot. Conscientious, he always put in his morning stint of writing, but the demands of his generosity, even more than his mode of life, made him turn increasingly often to writing the kind of magazine piece that brought the money fastest. He used time, too, in graciously answering the letters of people he didn't know, and sending kind words to young writers whose books he had already wasted hours reading merely because they had sent them on. How many times he must have begun to write the big novel, we hate to think. Whether he had, in fact, written it before he died, we do not know. But in awaiting it many people, scribblers and laymen, who had no possible claim upon him, acted as if they had bought preferred shares in his enterprise for spot cash and he had passed three successive dividends. The greatest sufferer, if he found he could not make it, must have been Hemingway, for he had the heart of a man who competes with himself. And even then, though he would have been sad, he should not have been. The only one he couldn't beat was Hemingway.

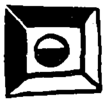


Immaterialization

HERE'S a gifted and eloquent visitor from over the sea—Werner Ruhnau, who may be briefly described as the leading theatre architect in West Germany. A tall, loose-jointed man of thirty-eight, Herr Ruhnau dislikes not only the conventional shapes that architects have been wedded to in the past—rectangles, cubes, and so on—but walls, doors, windows, and even ceilings. He wants out so radically that he would prefer practically no "in"s in any of his structures, whether theatres or houses, and he prefers nothing fixed; his ideal stage would be merely what he calls a "spatial possibility."

"I try to build theatres for the world of today," Herr Ruhnau told us. "I try to break down the barriers between the living, hard-breathing actors and the living, hard-breathing people who come to see them. What is the theatre for, after all? To free us from our chains of tradition and conformity. But, alas, what do the producers put on in these new theatres of mine? For that matter, what's playing today in *most* of the two hundred theatres in poor eighteenth-century-besotted Germany? Goethe, Schiller and Company! And not treated as museum pieces, mind you, but as the sheerest wisdom! What wisdom can Schiller's robbers possibly have for me in the age of the hydrogen bomb?"

Herr Ruhnau frowned fiercely back through time at the hapless Schiller, then favored us with a disarming contemporary smile and permitted us to examine a model of his latest theatre—which opened in 1959, in Gelsenkirchen, and which the Swiss architectural magazine *Werk* summed up as "certainly the most successful example of modern theatre architecture"—and a model of an earlier theatre, in Münster, which was praised by the American architectural writer G. E. Kidder Smith as one of the finest in Europe. "I suppose they're both what you'd call nice tries," Ruhnau said, patting the Münster model in a rather patronizing fashion. "The stages are fixed, which is a big mistake but something that a theatre architect is still obliged to submit to. Max Reinhardt's great triumph was to bring the actors down into the audience; it shocked people fifty years ago and it frightens them now. In Gelsenkirchen, I tried to liberate the audience by seating it on three sides of the stage and providing a glass lobby, to give the feeling that the stars, the trees, and, indeed, the whole town were part of the theatre. All of our early theatres were outdoors, until along came Palladio and built the first enclosed one, in Vicenza. That rogue actually had the nerve to paint a *sky* on the ceiling, and the theatre has been operating in a fake and smothery world ever since."



Having pitched poor Palladio into the garbage can with Schiller, Herr Ruhnau went on to complain that our domestic arrangements are even more claustrophobic than our theatrical ones. "Most of the buildings we spend our time in might as well be the caves our ice-age ancestors had to put up with," he said. "Think of the cells we call living rooms, where people huddle in front of unnecessary, sentimental fireplaces and read Rilke! As it happens, my wife and children and I live in just such a house, in Gelsenkirchen; as it happens, I like to read Rilke. Nevertheless, a new day is at hand; our term of imprisonment in caves is nearly over. Today we brag about that really very elderly development the curtain wall of glass. Soon we will have curtain walls that will consist of currents of air, warm in winter and cool in summer. No obstacles will remain between man and nature. Even our roofs will be of air." He produced a copy of a German builders' magazine and showed us an article reporting his plan for the "immaterialization" of building materials.

We remarked that once he had done away with building materials, there would be little reason not to do away with architects as well.

"Precisely," he said.

Long-Winded Lady

ONCE more we have heard from that long-winded lady who writes us now and then. She says:

"It was unlikely that I should find myself attending the road races at Bridgehampton. I, who can appreciate only one sports car at a time, and I, who hate competitiveness, and I, who hate noise, and I, who am not gregarious, was at the races because I had been brought there by some friends, who thought I spent too much time alone and ought to be taken out of myself. I sat at the edge of the crowd, away from the track, on a bench, which someone had made from a plank and two boxes. I had explained to my friends that they must enjoy themselves their way, watching the races, while I enjoyed myself my way, watching the people. They were agreeable. They had had their way. They had got me *out of the house*, and in their pleasure at their little triumph they pretended to be persuaded, although they were not at all persuaded, that in getting me out of the house they had also succeeded in taking me *out of myself*. They are fond of me as I am, but they are always trying to take me out of myself. I told them I was glad I had come with them. I *was* glad I had come with them, but not because I was enjoying the races. I was not enjoying the races, but my friends looked so proudly at me, and the innocent triumph on their faces was so touching, that I was glad I was with them. We were all deceiving each other, but the veil of deception that hung between us was so polite and so transparent, and the sun was so bright, and we were all being so virtuous and well-meaning and kind, doing good, enduring good, that we all liked each other better than ever, and they moved off toward the barrier with their field glasses and their programs, and I settled myself on my plank and began to watch the crowd.

"It was not interesting. I had not expected much pageantry or much pomp, but I had been hoping for a few flags; one or two bands; a bar, probably called the Mille Miglia and decorated with posters of famous racing cars and their drivers; and a restaurant. But the track at Bridgehampton is a businesslike place, and the atmosphere, though free, had something subdued and even penitential about it, as though the inmates of some prison had been sent out to play until the executions were over at home. There was no excitement, and no one laughed out loud the whole day. There was something going on, but it was something that nobody wanted to talk about until it was over. The sense of impending anticlimax was oppressive, and I knew that the day would end not in celebration but in peaceful and orderly dispersal. All of the faces I saw wore the same look of apprehension and fascination, and they were all implacably law-abiding. I have never seen so many well-behaved people all together out in the open before. They might just as well have been enclosed in a schoolroom. I thought of the few other open-air occasions that I have been present at, and I thought how much jollier the crowds were than this crowd here in Bridgehampton. The people here were mostly young, or youngish, and nice-looking and nicely dressed, but in those bedraggled surroundings, with the mud from the recent rains barely dry and still soft, and the few structures obnoxiously makeshift and bleak, even the handsome little cars took on a second-hand, or marked-down, air, and I thought to myself that from now on, for the rest of my life, every time I pass a used-car lot I will think of Bridgehampton, and every time I am riding around and come upon one of those volcanic eruptions of thrown-away cars I will think of Bridgehampton, and I thought of what a long way those beautiful foreign cars had come for such a sad show."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (BAREFOOT BOY WITH EXACT CHANGE DIVISION): In Laporte, Colorado, you can get worms from a vending machine.

Sunny Hill

ALMOST everybody is taking polio vaccine these days, but nine years ago this summer only fifty-one peo-

"We're not watching any show. I'm afraid we've watched one too many already."

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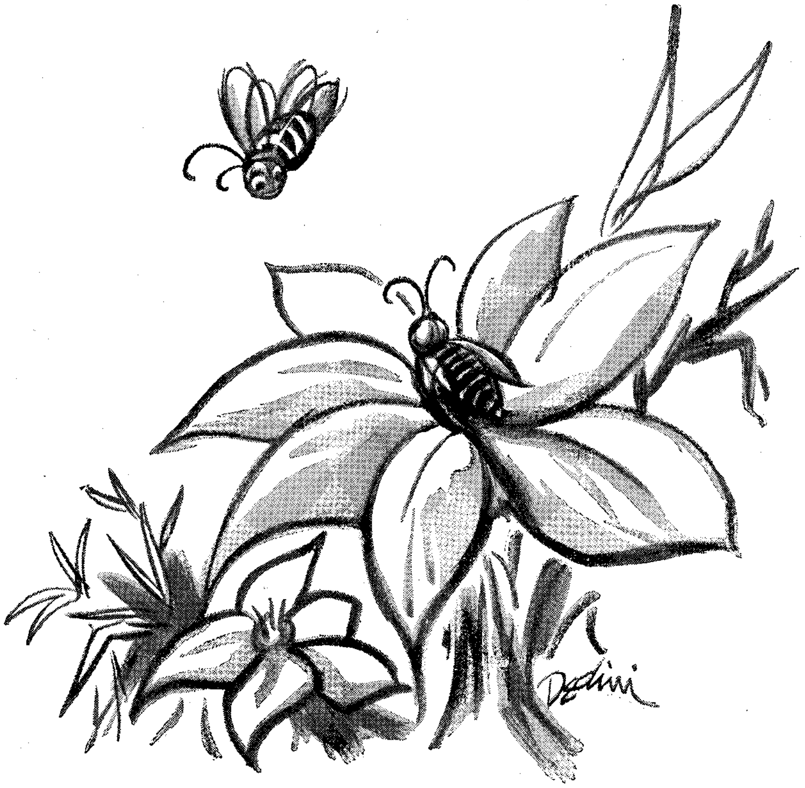
ple, mostly children, were taking the first, later to be proved effective, vaccine against the disease. Early one Saturday morning recently, we flew out to Pittsburgh, where, at an institution called the D. T. Watson Home for Crippled Children, in a suburb called Leetsdale, Dr. Jonas E. Salk was going to have his ninth annual—and possibly his last—reunion and tests with his very first voluntary human subjects. It would be the end of a chapter of medical history.

In the last six years, more than ninety-five million Americans have been inoculated against polio. The first fifty-one subjects, who were tested on June 12, 1952, first inoculated in July and August, and written about by Dr. Salk in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of March 28, 1953, in a paper entitled "Studies in Human Subjects on Active Immunization Against Poliomyelitis" ("Investigations have been under way in this laboratory for more than a year, with the objective of establishing conditions for destroying the disease-producing property of the three types of poliomyelitis virus without destroying completely their capacity to induce antibody formation . . ."), received acknowledgment at the outset in a footnote: "Although one might take for granted the fact that these investigations were performed in human subjects, it should be evident that the work could not have been undertaken without the support and coöperation of a great many individuals. We cannot express adequately our admiration for the parents and the patients who have contributed so much."

Reunion day dawned bright and clear. Dr. Salk, now forty-six, met us by prearrangement at a hotel near the University of Pittsburgh, where he is Commonwealth Professor of Experimental Medicine. He looked cheerful, expectant, and impressively neat and well organized. With him was the middle of his three sons, Darrell Salk, fourteen, neatly echoing his father, with the same kind of shell-rimmed eyeglasses, curly dark hair, unmatched jacket and trousers, and a sort of single-track scientific gleam in his eye.

"Darry's coming with us," Dr. Salk said as we started out in his car over the small hills of Pittsburgh. "He's interested. We've followed the children long enough now to see that the antibody levels induced in them initially to good levels have persisted at essentially the same levels as they did one year after we gave them the last dose of the vaccine. It's been astonishing to see this persistence, and it looks as though the immunity provided by the 'killed-virus vaccine'—which is the way this vaccine is distinguished from others—is durable. This day is quite a significant one for us. The tiny group we're going to see today helped us look into the future. They were mostly polio patients at the Watson Home, and then we branched out and included their families, all of whom were eager to coöperate, of course, because they knew from painful first-hand experience what it meant to have polio. The first human inoculations are always given to the experimenters themselves, and then usually to volunteers in prisons and mental institutions. But it occurred to me that parents of children who had already had polio would be most understanding, and, as it's turned out, they've been more than that. Eventually, we enlarged our original group to include community people in this well-to-do area and somewhat beyond it, until the nucleus grew to more than a thousand people, most of whom had economic advantages. They were perfect for giving us a high concentration of individuals with no previous exposure to polio. Blood tests showed that sixty per cent of the younger people had no antibodies at all to any of the three types of polio. To a poliovirologist, this was paradise. And it did something wonderful for the community. It gave people an opportunity to give and receive something you can't buy—the opportunity to participate in a human experience that was at the time secret and unique. There's no reason for any of the original subjects to come back today for tests—no selfish reason. But this has been a joint affair. They've all been collaborators of mine, and I think they'll all be there.



"Don't bzz me. I'll bzz you."

"Pittsburgh is a working town, and I like it here," Dr. Salk went on as, driving along the Monongahela, we passed steel mills, smokestacks, pyramids of slag. "You get the feeling of being surrounded by life. Now I'm planning to move in a year or so to San Diego, where with support from the National Foundation—the new March of Dimes organization—we're establishing an Institute for Biological Studies next to the new University of California campus. I entered medical school with the idea of doing research, and never changed my mind. It's a way of projecting yourself ahead of yourself, I suppose, and there was something appealing in the search for understanding that had some bearing on human problems. I guess I felt the unreasonableness of life in so many ways. Research was one way to get at reasonableness and logic."

In the midst of lush green farm country, we arrived at the Watson Home. "In the spring of 1952, we knew that the vaccines induced protective effects in monkeys, but we couldn't learn everything we needed to know without human subjects," Dr. Salk said as we parked the car. "We knew it would be completely safe to inject the children with a killed virus of the same type that had infected them in the first place. We got the permission of Dr. Jessie Wright, the medical director of the Home; of Miss Lucile Cochran, the administrator; of the board of trustees; and of the parents. Then, with the concurrence of all, we went ahead. I guess the facts now are common knowledge—the attack rate is way down, and all indications are that 1961 will be the lowest total polio year in our history. In the late nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties there were close to three thousand cases of polio per week during several consecutive weeks in most of those years, and in 1960 there were just over three thousand cases the entire *year*. If *all* children had been inoculated as soon as the vaccine became available, as was done in Denmark and Sweden, paralytic polio would have been suppressed, and might have all but disappeared by now."

The Watson Home, which is in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains, had the appearance of a luxurious estate—spreading lawns and shady trees and arbors, with here and there groups of small children playing together. The auditorium of a red brick building near the original Home had been organized efficiently for the tests—lineups of chairs leading to several immaculate white tables, with Home nurses in attendance.

Dr. Salk immediately got to work with his staff and then began greeting his subjects. It was not yet 9 A.M., but about a dozen men, women, and children were waiting. Standing with them was Miss Cochran, a gray-haired, smiling woman wearing a pink linen dress, white pearls, and a pink cardigan sweater. Dr. Salk set to work with his blood-test tubes. Darrell, putting on a laboratory coat, took charge of the card files.

"Everybody's been telephoning since seven this morning," Miss Cochran said to Dr. Salk. "They all want to come. On the day of the Horse Show, too. Darrell, I hardly recognized you!"

"Well," Darrell said, blushing, "I'll be doing stuff like this someday, I hope."

"You'll always be welcome at Sunny Hill," Miss Cochran said and added, to us, "We never say 'Home for Crippled Children' here. We always say 'Sunny Hill,' because the D. T. Watsons, who founded the Home, always called it that."

We moved over to Dr. Salk's table, where he was being greeted by a lady with a cane, whom he introduced to us as Mrs. Walton Diven. With her were her husband, who had a crew cut, and three handsome look-alike, crew-cut boys aged nine to fifteen. "It's like Old Home Week for me," Mrs. Diven said to us. "I contracted polio when Johnny was five weeks old, and Johnny was eighteen months old when he got *his* first shot."

Johnny lifted his crew-cut head and looked pleased.

"Everybody around here has grown up so," Dr. Salk said.

"Is this really the end of the program?" Mrs. Diven asked.

"It may be," Dr. Salk said. "I probably won't need to take samples again for five years, anyway."

"You mean this may be the last time we'll all be reunited?" Mrs. Diven exclaimed.

Dr. Salk nodded.

"Well, you know we're all proud to

have been part of the program," Mr. Diven said.

Dr. Salk smiled. The lineup at his table moved up to a ten-year-old girl with a brace on one leg. In the background, Miss Cochran started a record-player going with "Tip Toe Thru the Tulips with Me." Darrell Salk showed us the girl's record card, and we read, "Barbara Bailey, paralyzed Sept. 18, 1951. First time blood taken—June 12, 1952."

There was quite a merry reunion with Barbara Bailey. "You were the cutest baby in the ward," Dr. Salk told her. "Only eighteen months old . . ."

We went outside into the sunshine, where Miss Cochran was welcoming another family of early subjects—Dr. Leslie Falk, medical administrator of the United Mine Workers Welfare Fund in the area, with his wife and four children.

"The whole community is so unhappy about Dr. Salk's leaving Pittsburgh," Mrs. Falk was saying.

"Well, the program is coming to an end," Miss Cochran said.

"Now he's interested in a number of things, and I think that one is suppressing viruses generally, as is happening with polio," Dr. Falk said. "There are over two hundred viruses that cause human disease, and he'd like *them* to disappear, too."

"He has the same dedication he had when he first came here, in 1952," Miss Cochran said. "As a matter of fact, he's the same man now as he was then, and you can't say that about many people."

"The real excitement for us was when he told us he thought he had the answer," Mrs. Falk said. "It was nearly a year before he included people from the community in his studies."

"Did you have any worries?" we asked.

"Most of us felt we were getting a big break," she said.

Dr. Salk joined our group just as a pretty young woman started up the walk toward us, using two canes. With her was a young man carrying a chubby, dimpled baby boy.

"Why, it's Joan!" Miss Cochran exclaimed.

"She has no use of her legs at all," Dr. Salk said softly. "I heard she moved to Ohio."

Joan approached, smiling at everyone. "Dr. Salk, I want you to meet my son Lee," she said.

"Oh, Joan, how wonderful!" Miss Cochran said, waving to the baby.

"Sixteen months old," the young man holding the baby said.

"You're going to San Diego!" Joan said to Dr. Salk. She sat down and took the baby.

"Well, not for another year or so, anyway," he said, tickling Lee. "And I heard you moved to Ohio."

"I did, but I wasn't going to miss this for the world. What I want to know is, what about Lee? Does he automatically have my immunity now?"

"That goes away after six months," Dr. Salk said. "After that, he has to develop his own."

"Then I wish you would give him his first shot," Joan said. "He's a very good baby."

"It's so nice to have him visit Sunny Hill," Miss Cochran said.

"He'd like some of that Salk Special," Joan said.

Everybody beamed at the baby, and the baby beamed back and took some Salk Special.

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PATRIOTIC dialogue at the passport office in Rockefeller Center, between a male official and a female client:

"Do you swear that the statements you have made are true?"

"I certainly do, and I swear allegiance to the United States of America, too."

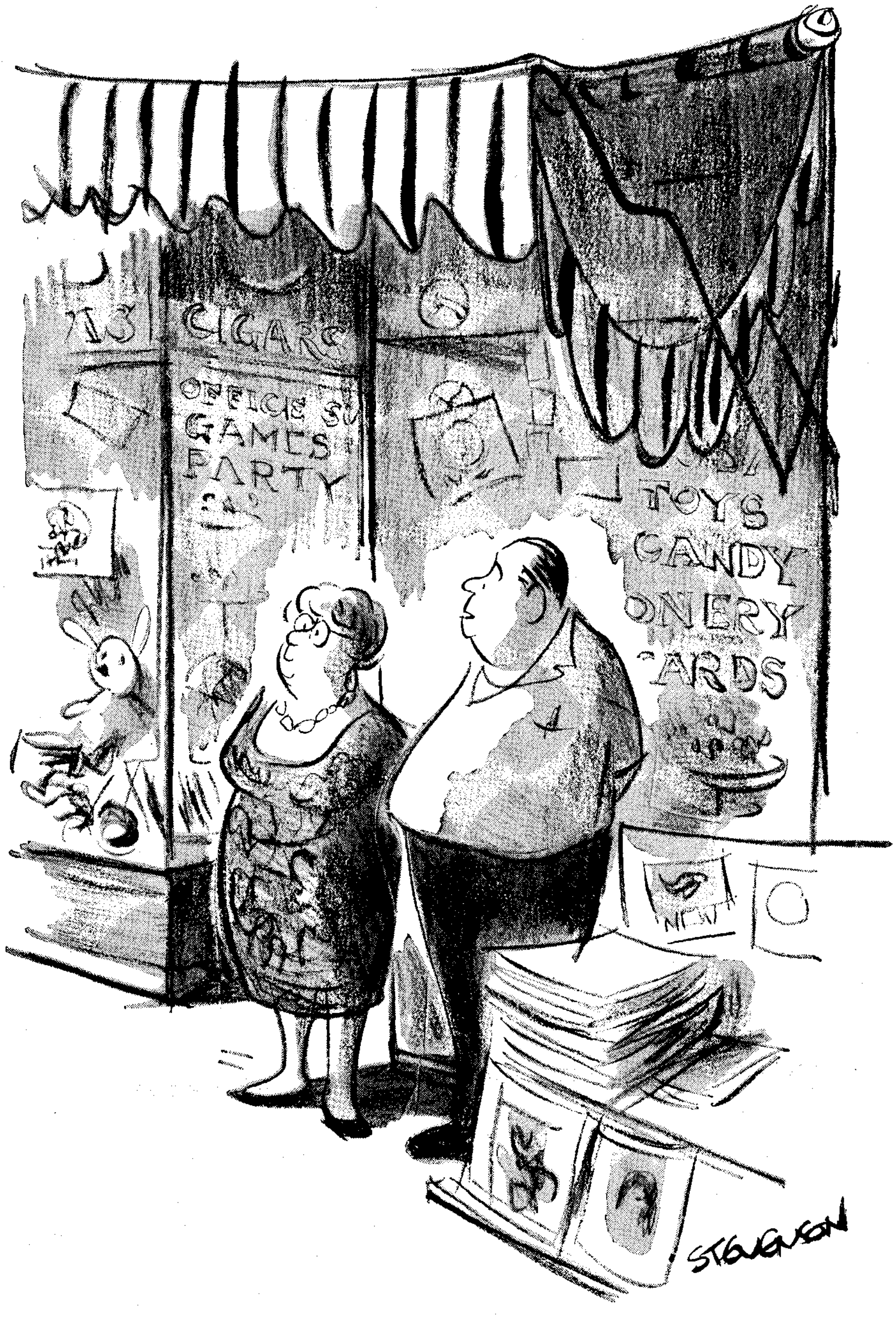
"I didn't ask you that."

"Well, I swear it anyway."

"You can't swear it yet. I haven't asked you."

"Well, I do swear it, right now!"

"Very well, Madam, but it doesn't count."



"I wonder if those Murchison brothers could use a nice little novelty store in the East Sixties."

THE ENAMELLED WISHBONE

COME what may, I change my razor blade each Saturday morning, and as I did so on a hot one not long ago, I found myself worrying about the Civil War. The trouble had to do with continuity—connection. I buy my blades in metal clips of ten or twenty, and I prefer twenties, as a rule. You can look twice as far ahead with them; they promise more. A set that is new in the middle of summer will span a whole other season. It will take you past the end of the heat and almost into winter, and there is no telling what is going to happen while it lasts. Then when it is done, you can glance backward if you want to. I play this game a good deal, as a matter of fact. Equipment of some kind is always handy. It can be played with a new shirt or an old calendar. I like to feel the connections between here and there. I am for continuity first, last, and always. Then, what, I wondered (starting a new set of blades, peering ahead, and reflecting that they would help get me ready for Thanksgiving dinner)—what did I have against the celebration of the centennial of the Civil War? *There* was continuity with a vengeance.

I have always thought that I more or less owned that war, perhaps because one of my grandfathers was in it and I knew him. Over the years, I may have read a dozen books about it, and always the articles in Sunday supplements on Lincoln's birthday. As a small boy, I fought in it every chance I got. Trapped by a girl, I would refuse to play regular house. I was not to be a commuting father; I belonged to the Ninth Ohio, or no game. "Got a lot of slaves to free today," I would tell her, hustling off to work. Once in a while, in the interval since, I have run into someone who also owned the war, and we have talked about it, regarding each other as rare and fine. Now Civil War buffs—as the papers call them—are a dime a dozen. (A buff is an enthusiast about going to fires, according to Webster, and I guess the definition fits, though the fire has been out for a while.) Reënactments more precise than mine bang away as the dates roll around. There are more new books on the war in a week than I have read all told. Documentation is on the loose. Facsimiles are rampant. And I am in no position to make light of reënactments, eschew books, deplore facts. Besides, if I already have some connection with the war, surely the more I know about it, the more connected I will be.

"Wow what?"

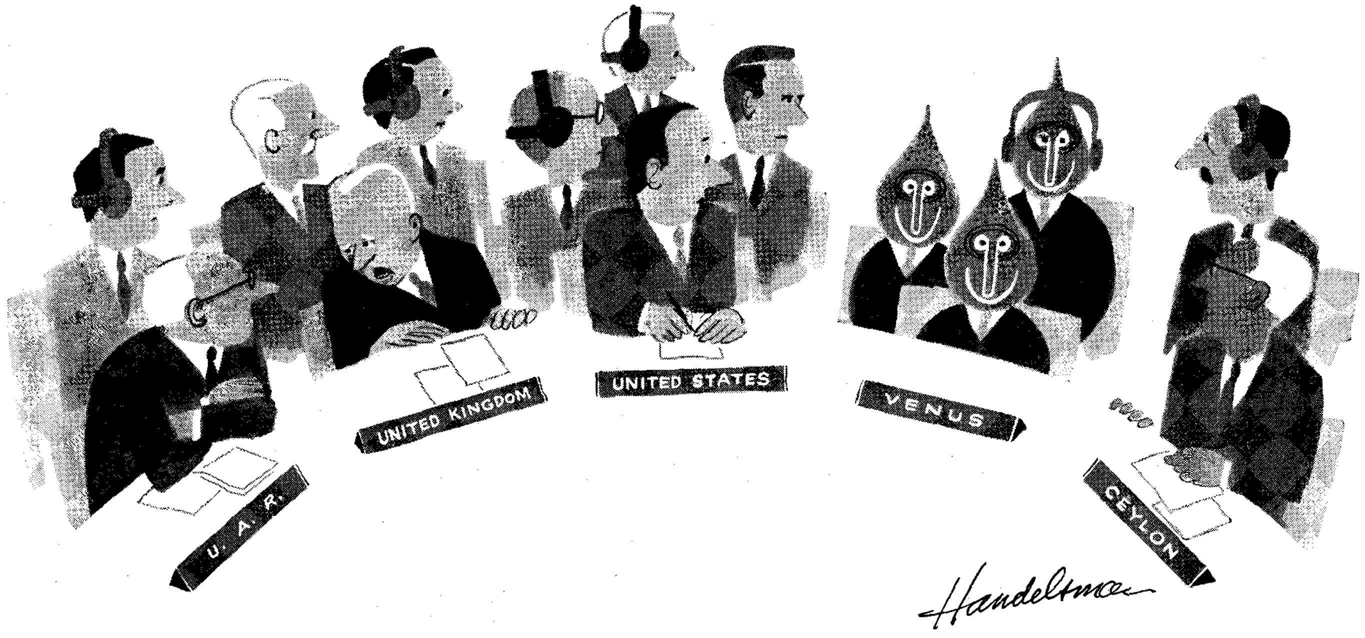
Well, continuity is peculiar. Later that day, in the afternoon, running Saturday errands, I went to return a borrowed raincoat to a friend whose name is Edward. He is bulky, abstracted, and as bitten with sequence as I am. For instance, he keeps a green enamelled wishbone in his kitchen. It has gone along with him and his wife through several changes of dwelling, but he has no idea why it was saved to begin with, or who saved it after what feast. He bought an old house years ago and found the wishbone hanging there unpainted. When he enamelled the kitchen green, he enamelled the bone, making it his. When he had to leave the house, which he loved, he took the wishbone with him, and he seems to feel (when he thinks of it at all) that in a small way it is a talisman, and holds things together for him.

His wife let me in that Saturday, out of the heat, and steered me to Edward's study—a place that just encases him and a small concentration of litter. I squeezed in, said hello to Edward, and at once believed that he had a Christmas tree there, for the smell of evergreen was unmistakable. Then it was gone; it was only a whiff. But for an astonished moment I had caught a glimpse of the tree I helped put up last December—the lights in the tinsel, the slope of the branches, the angel askew on top—and (by natural resonance, or osmosis, or echo) glimpses of other Christmases. Back and back. Wreaths and candles. Fires in the grate. Carols and frost. Then I saw, in a vase on a shelf beside me, a couple of dusty sprays of red eucalyptus. "*That's* what smells like Christmas," I said to Edward.

He looked apologetic. "Funny stuff," he said. "It lasts forever. Dottie's been trying to throw it out for six months, but I won't let her. I sort of like to sniff it when I come in here. It takes me back."

I said it had just taken me back, too, and he looked surprised. Then he looked abstracted again. "It's been a long time since Australia," he said, and I remembered that he had once lived, with *his* grandfather, down there, where the eucalyptus comes from to start with. Apparently, continuity could run away from the vase on the shelf in diverse directions and still be continuity for each of us.

I stayed a few minutes, gave Edward his coat, and went on to my other errands, the Civil War still plucking at my sleeve. I was wondering what there was about it that I cherished, and just exactly what the nature of my connection with it was. I could hop a season



"All I know is when we got here this morning there they were."

into the cherished future with a package of razor blades, or fade back to Christmases past (while Edward took off for Australia) on a whiff of dried evergreen leaves. And yet all the vouched-for reminders of the war—the facsimiles, the reënactments—couldn't budge me.

EDWARD lives uptown, on the West Side; I live a good distance down from him, on the East. I was supposed to meet my wife at an outdoor market to buy plants for window boxes. I was late. The sky was dark. Thunder came over the river. So I took a cab, and the cab went hurrying through Central Park. Most people had already run for shelter. The cab went around a shoulder of rock and along past a small wooded ridge where the wind was shaking the trees. And there, sure enough, they were, as they have been all my life in half the landscapes that I see. Imagined horsemen. Shadowy cavalry slipping along the ridge, in and out of the edge of the woods. They ride chiefly in storms and at sunset. They are in gray or butternut—Mosby's men, doubtless; the Armies of the Union are on my side. And I thought how, from trains, I notice pickets in the spotted shade of a creek bank as I go by—how skirmishers will lurk behind a country church or slip through a cornfield.

The source—one source—of these apparitions seemed simple, when I considered it. (I have seldom given much thought to the apparitions themselves; they are just there.) They come from songs, and from a Miss Evelyn Whitby, who taught fifth grade. She lived in a big house she had inherited, along with a barn and a clover meadow full of bees. She always led the school assembly in singing, both arms punishing the air—a small, dark woman with sombre eyes that grew bright as she gave herself a couple of preliminary twirls. She liked both rousing songs and sad ones, and believed that the most rousing and the saddest in the world were those of the Civil War. She would work her class up to a song before she taught it to them, and if she thought the story it told was skimpy she filled it out. Extra cavalry charges. Extra dolor. By the time she got around to singing a sad one—"We shall meet but we shall miss him, there will be one vacant chair"—there wouldn't be a dry feminine eye in the room, and even the boys would look woebegone. On the other hand, everyone loved to shout the battle cry of freedom for her. And when we rose in the assembly and rallied round the flag, we knew just what we were singing about. We were singing about men who kept tenting at night on a little slope back of the school, which Miss Whitby had indicated mournfully as she sang about them. We were singing about marching through the little woods beyond the slope, and charging across Miss Whitby's clover meadow, as she let us do, bringing the jubilee. We were singing about grapes of wrath being trampled out on the floor of Miss Whitby's own barn, where, somehow, they were stored.

So the Civil War to me is rousing, grievous, and local, as only its songs in combination with Miss Whitby could have made it. It took place in homelike surroundings—in back yards and orchards and cornfields—and in fact it often really did, big as it was. But (out of the Park now, going south on Seventh, the squall diminishing) I couldn't say that what I cherished, what I was connected to by the songs and apparitions, was the war itself as much as it was Miss Whitby and her meadow and her barn.

MY wife was waiting for me at the market. The rain was over, but the air still smelled of it, and the leaves of the plants lined in racks were wet and glinting. The hot day was gone, a fresh one was breaking, and we were grateful. We browsed for a while, cool and pleased, and then bought a few plants, mostly begonias. And as we started home with them I thought that they might hook me up for quite a while with the green washed half hour just past, and then I realized that *it* had, a while before, lightly hooked itself up with Mosby's raiders. "I was wondering about the Civil War," I told my wife, and she nodded, unsurprised. "I mean, how I am connected with it," I said, and she said that would be through my grandfather, most likely.

Yes, to an extent. For one thing, I suspect that he, too, felt, looking back, that it had been a war of wood lots, though also an affair of flags. I guess that for him a real war was one hammered out between neighbors looking for the right. He never paid much attention to World War I, which he regarded as an expedition to straighten out people he didn't know. He had a permanent bruise, made by his musket, on the heel of his right hand; bullets tearing his tent had wakened him at Shiloh; he had caught a fever and lain out with it in mud and rain; he had been a prisoner in a bad camp; and I did understand from him and from these things that the war was real. But he had a little of Miss Whitby about him, too, when he looked back, and (turning that way myself, as we reached home) it dawned on me that I really hadn't known him very well. I knew that he was tall, stooped, kind, and sententious, and that he gave me horehound drops and took me to see Charlie Chaplin. I partly recalled a browned photograph of him as a youth in a forage cap, and—better—the worn red plush of the case the photograph was kept in. I remembered the bruise. But what mainly came back was a kind of roll call he had of the Civil War that skipped the fever and the prison camp and was long on bugles and honor. He liked to say major words and phrases—the War of the Rebellion, the Rock of Chickamauga, the Army of the Cumberland, Old Glory. He gave all his generals their full names. He must have put such things into sentences, but to me the words and names were without syntax, and (getting out the trowel, lining up the begonias by the window boxes) it occurred to me that the roll call, or litany, and the little I did know of my grandfather were what I was truly connected to. The war itself was on the far side of him and it.

STILL-LIFE

Outcrop stone is miserly

With this wind. Hoarding its nothing,
Letting wind run through its fingers,
It pretends to be dead of lack.
Even its grimace is empty,
Warted with quartz pebbles from the sea's womb.

It thinks it pays no rent,
Expansive in the sun's summerly reckoning.
Under rain, it gleams exultation blackly,
As if receiving interest.
Similarly, it bears the snow well.

Wakeful and missing little, and landmarking
The flylike dance of the planets,
The landscape moving in sleep,
It expects to be in at the finish,
Being ignorant of this other, this harebell

That trembles, as under threats of death,
In the summer turf's heat-rise,
And in which—filling veins
Any known name of blue would bruise
Out of existence—sleeps, recovering,

The maker of the sea.

—TED HUGHES

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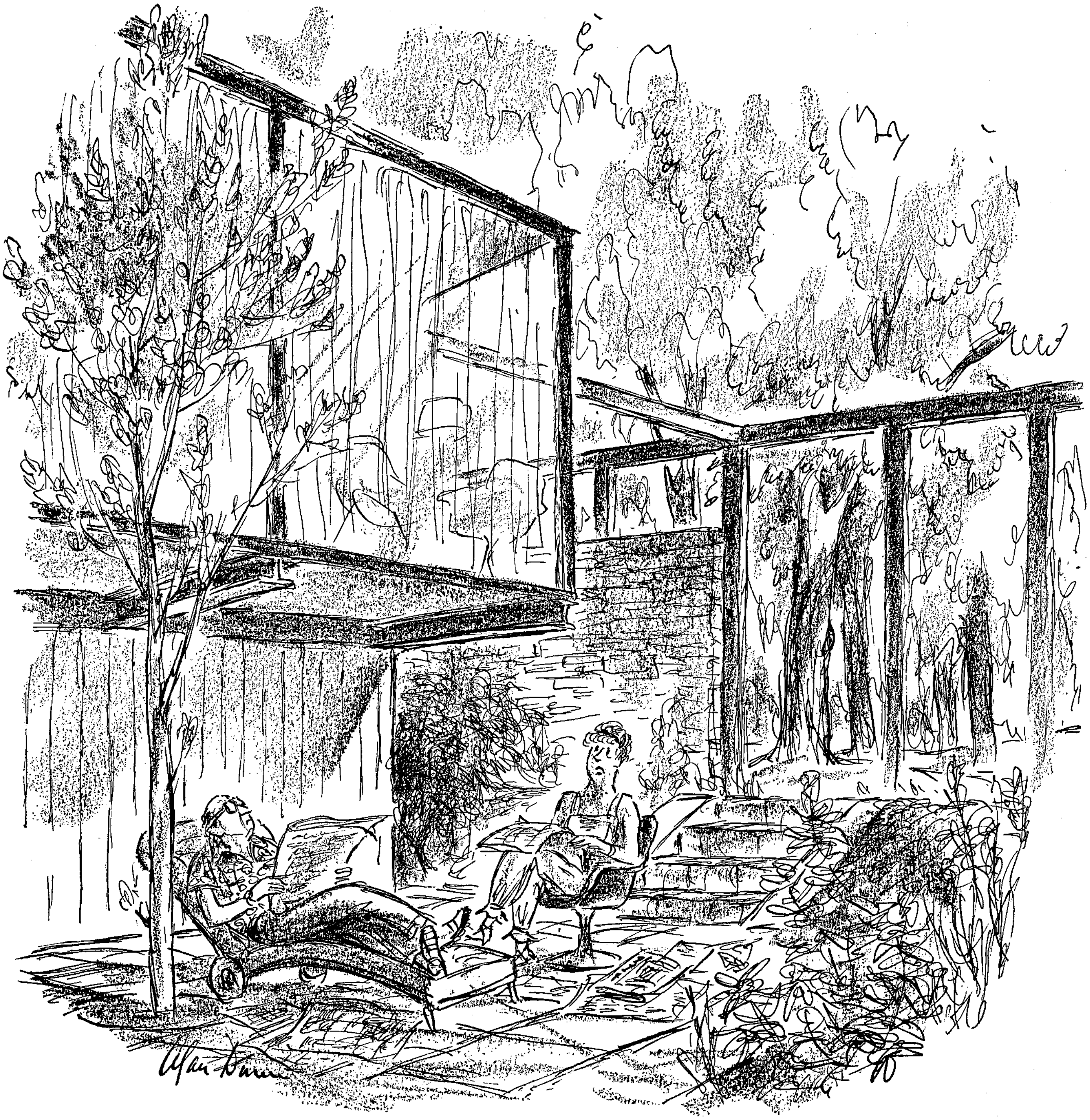
SO the mournful, personal, musical war also had warlike reverberations and glory, and was real, if only by definition. I tucked the begonias in among the other plants in our boxes, and found myself wondering in what way I was attached to the Civil War by potted violets, which somehow, themselves, seemed appropriate. And when I figured the answer out, I saw that the link wasn't the violets—they were just a link with the begonias. It was a man who once gave some violets to an aunt of mine.

Like Miss Whitby, she had a house, and, in addition, a mulberry tree in her front yard. I visited her one summer about the time I quit freeing the slaves and took to more specialized exploits. When I was at war, I was very fond of sniping; it was restful—except for tree climbing, which I enjoyed—and attractively furtive. The mulberry tree was ideal for it, and I was in huge luck, for I had an authentic enemy—a small, straight man with a round white beard who went by on his way to the grocer's and back every morning. He was in town to visit his daughter and her family. He had been a captain under Braxton Bragg, my grandfather's opponent at Shiloh, and I picked him off daily from the branches of the tree, shivering as I fired. I was hypnotized by him, and deeply unsettled by his presence in the North. At night, I thought about him and his dangerous nearness, and I tried never to let him see me, even off duty. But once, carried away by bravery, I let out a series of derisive Rebel yells at him, and he stopped and stared at the tree, his beard jutting. He looked more puzzled than angry, as I think back; he may not have recognized the derision, let alone the war cry. At any rate, he went on, but I shinnied down the tree and ran into the house in terror.

That night, after dark, he came to my aunt's door. I went with her to answer his knock, and when I saw him there against the darkness I was too frightened to back away. But then, though I don't think I heard much of what he said, I saw that he was shaking. He had been left with his six-year-old grandson, and the boy had disappeared. Now the old man was going from door to door at night, searching among strangers. He spoke quietly and courteously, but he shook and he was hatless. I had never before seen him without a hat. I knew that he was terrified, and I was shocked. I almost cried in front of him. My aunt reached out suddenly and touched his hand when she had to tell him that the boy wasn't there. He thanked her and turned away into the dark, and for the first time I guessed that they, too—the Johnnies, the Rebs, Bragg's men—could be frightened, need help, and grow old.

Of course, in war one's enemies are always ordinary men (I thought, smoothing the topsoil in the final window box, wondering where the earth had come from, out of whose meadow). That goes without saying. But though I have heard and read about Confederates and looked at pictures of them, thinking such ancient thoughts, the old man at the door is my real connection to the enemy. He always shows up and stands between me and it. My aunt telephoned a few neighbors after he had gone, and located what she called "that little fiend," and then she caught up with the old man, again by phone. He brought her the pot of violets the next day.

I DO have other lines of continuity to the war, naturally—odd little zigzag ones that appear from time to time—but none of them ever takes me the whole way to it, which is what the reënacters want to do. Antietam has borrowed the snow of a winter weekend



"By the way, wouldn't deflation also be a spiral?"

• •

when I read about Piper's cornfield and Poffenberger's wood and the Dunker church, sitting beside the picture window of a friend's split-level in Connecticut. I visited Lincoln's house in Springfield once, and perhaps it linked me to him and the war, but I wouldn't swear that it didn't first take me to lilacs in Walt Whitman's dooryard, and even to the spring night when I read about them, in college. (The girl I was going with at the time, a neat blonde, may still not know she is part of the Civil War.) So I have to say that I am connected to the war by a chain of uneven, unlikely links, and that they are what I cherish about it. They *are* it.

One more thing. Edward's wishbone. It gives him his own link with that house and its rooms, but it must have meant something else to the person who hung it there: an occasion. Well, one is attached to an occasion by the things one can recall about it, the small things—the smell of lilacs or violets that may have attended it, the way an elderly relative talked, the songs an old friend sang—and any minor talismans one can save. So I guess I feel as if the reënacters are for all the world like Edward, except that what he does is his affair and what they do is mine. They are enameling my war, so to speak, my particular war, which they don't know anything about. They are keeping it green, all right, but they are trying to take it away with them, and I wish they would let it alone. I like it right in the house where it always was.—ROBERT HENDERSON

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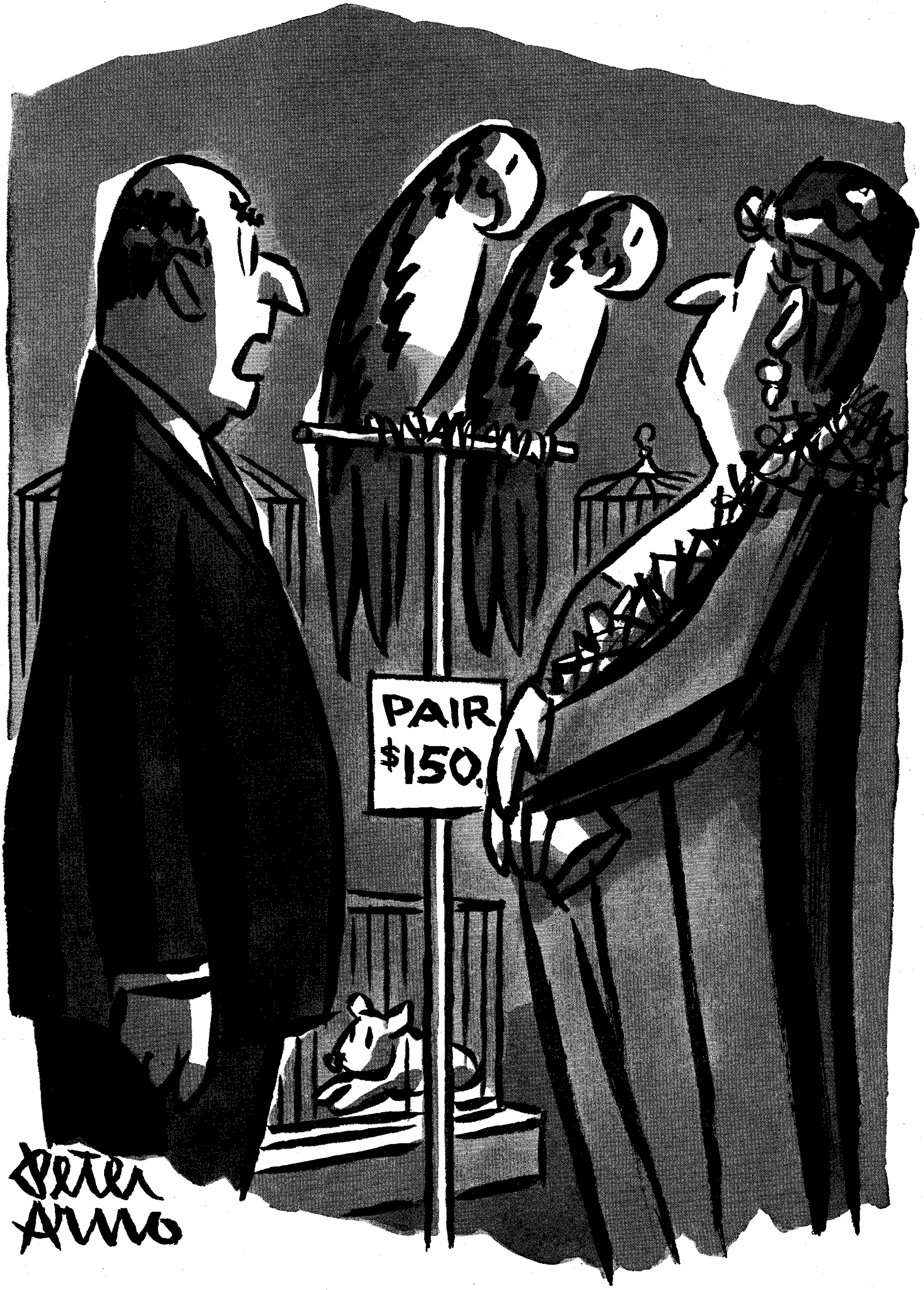
Some disturbed parents, Hammack said, refuse to allow a child to grow up, as exemplified in the over-fond mother who says to her son:

wichqfw fwy mfw mfwmfw.—*Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

She's not just overfond, she's had a few.


PAIR
$150.
Peter Arno

"Madam, would you ask N.B.C. to break up Huntley and Brinkley?"

THE AFRICAN MAGICIAN

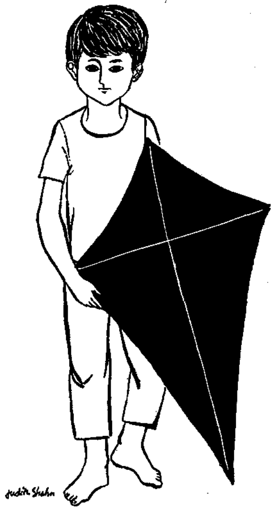
JUST before independence came to the Belgian Congo, my husband and I went up the Congo River from Léopoldville to Stanleyville on our way to attend a conference on tropical medicine. Ships always assemble the same cast, and the one on which we travelled was no exception. The passengers were not the ones you would meet on the Queen Mary, of course, or on any of those liners described as floating hotels that take tourists to places where they never stay long enough to see the bad season come. But, as if supplied by some theatrical agency unmindful of a change of style in the roles now available in the world, these passengers setting off up the Congo were those you might have met at any time in the long colonial era, travelling between the country in Europe where they were born and the country across the sea where their flag also flew. Most of them were Belgians, who conversed in French or Flemish.

There was the old hand who trapped my husband by the hour; released at last, he would come to me deeply under the man's deadly fascination. "Twenty-two years prospecting for minerals for the government . . . torpedoed going back to Belgium in the war . . . Free French . . . two and a half years in a Russian prison camp . . . still carries his card signed by de Gaulle."

"Oh, I know, I know," I said impatiently. "I don't want to see it."

But when the old hand interrupted his evening stroll round the deck to sit down where we sat, outside our cabin, no measure of aloofness, of bending my head to my book, would prevent him from capturing my eye at some point and growling, with a pally wink, "Two more years and I sit and drink beer and look at the girls in Brussels. Best beer, best girls in the world." When he saw us leaning together over the rail, but lost from each other and ourselves in the sight of the towering, indifferent fecundity of the wilderness that the river cleaved from height to depth, he would pause, hang about, and then thrust the observation between our heads: "Lot of bloomin' nothing, eh? Country full of nothing. Bush, bush, trees, trees. Put you two metres in there and you won't come out never." His mind ran down toward some constant, smug, yet uncertain vision of his retirement that must have been with him all the twenty-two years. "Bush, nothing."

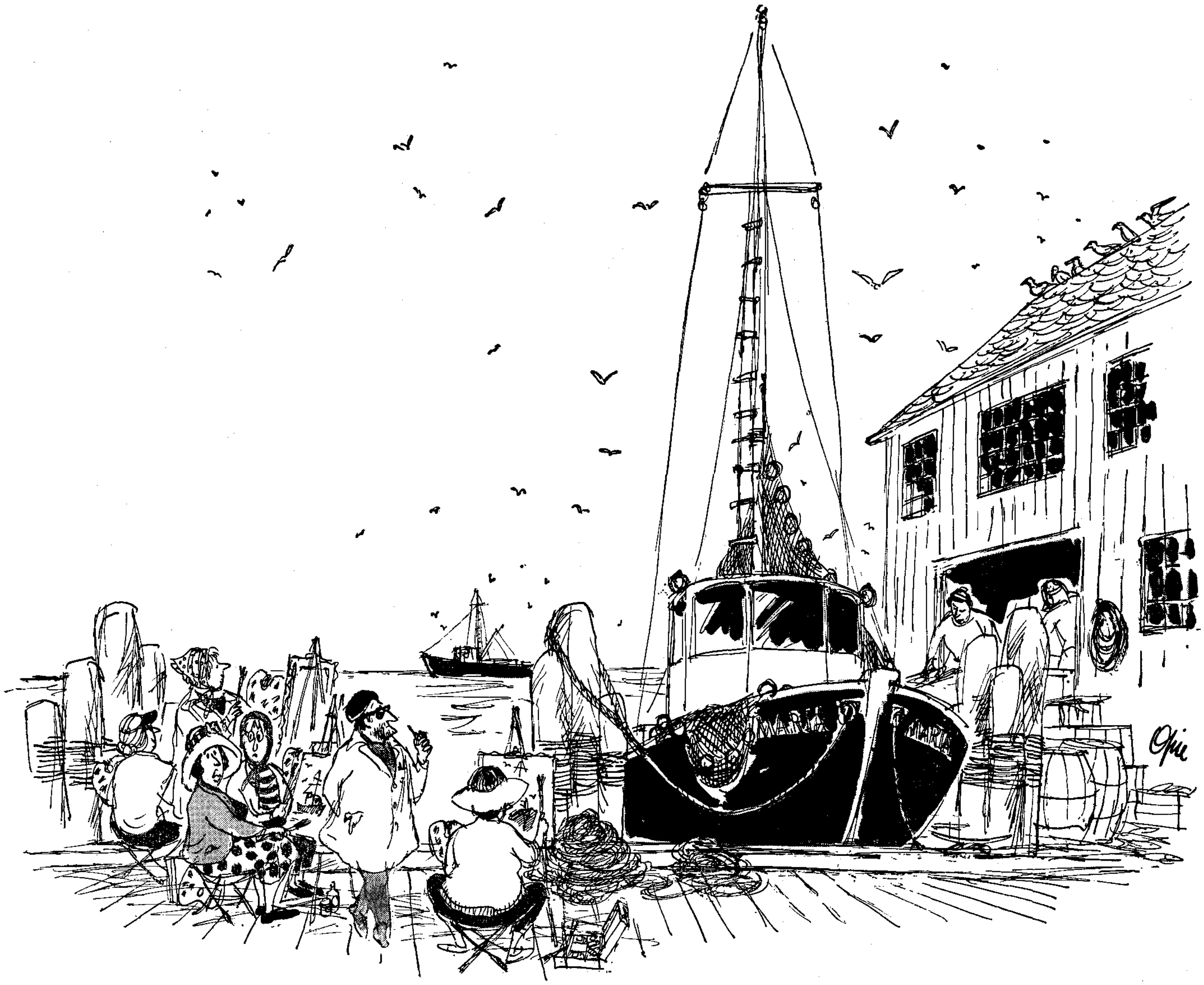
There were sanitary officers, a police officer, a motor mechanic, agricultural officers, and research workers, returning with their wives and children from home leave in Belgium. The women looked as if they were carved out of lard, and were in the various stages of reproduction—about to give birth, or looking after small fat children who appeared to be in danger of melting. There was a priest who sat among the women in the row of deck chairs all day, reading paperbacks. He was a big, elderly man with a forward-thrusting, intelligent jaw, and when he stood up slowly and leaned upon the rail, his hard belly lifting his cassock gave him a sudden odd affinity with the women around him. There was a newly married couple, of course, with that look of a pair tied up for a three-legged race who haven't mastered the gait yet. The husband was ordinary enough, but the girl was unexpected among the browsing herd setting to over the first meal aboard. She reminded me of a modern painter's portrait of a girl—a semi-abstract in the flesh. She was very tall, the same size as her husband, and her long, thin naked legs in shorts showed a tense tendon, fleshless, on each inner thigh as she walked. On the extreme thinness and elongation of her body—half pathetic, half elegant—was balanced a very wide, square jaw. In profile the face was pretty; full on, the extraordinary width of her blemished forehead, her thick black eyebrows above gray eyes, her very big, straight mouth with pale lips, were a distortion of unusual beauty. Her style could have been *Vogue* model or beatnik. In fact, she was a Belgian country girl who had hit, by an accident of physique and a natural coarseness, upon what I could see only as a statement of artifice.



The white boat, broad and tiered and top-heavy upon the water exactly like a Mississippi paddle steamer, had powerful diesel engines beating in her flat bottom, and we pushed two barges covered with motorcars, jeeps, and tanks of beer, and a native passenger boat, painted drab but soon fluttering with the flags of the third class's washing. There was a lot of life going on ahead there in the native boat; from the deck in front of our cabin we could look down the length of the two barges and see it—barbering, cooking, and a continual swarming and clambering from deck to deck that often overflowed onto the barges. Jars of palm wine passed between our galley and crew's quarters, and their galley. A tin basin full of manioc spinach appeared at intervals from the lower depths of our ship, moving along in the air, and then we saw the straight, easygoing body of the black girl on whose turban it was balanced. She went, with the languor characteristic of attractive kitchen maids, along the street of the barges, winding easily between the tethered cars, stopping to disparage a basket of dried fish that had just been dumped aboard from a visiting canoe, or to parry some flattering and insulting suggestion from a member of the crew lounging off duty, and finally disappeared into the boat at the other end.

The first morning, the police officer's wife noticed a scribble chalked on the barge below us. "My God, take a look at that, will you!" It did not consist, as public messages usually do, of curses or declarations of love, but hailed, in misspelled French and the uneven script of some loiterer in Léopoldville harbor, the coming of the country's independence, only two months away. "They are mad, truly," the police officer's wife said. "They think they can run a country." She was a gay one, heavily made up, with a small waist and wide jelly hips in bright skirts, and she had the kind of roving alertness that put her on chatting terms with the whole boat within twenty-four hours. In case I had missed the point, she turned to me and said in English, "They are just like monkeys, you know. We've taught them a few tricks. Really, they are monkeys out from *there*." And she gestured at the forest that was always there before us, night and day, while we looked and while we slept. She kept protesting, with her high laugh, that she was going to send her small boy down to rub out the chalk, but her husband—who had the only red face on board, and a permanent mark around his cropped head where his officer's cap rested in sweat—was hailing a boy to bring beer, and she sat down, instead, for the usual lively half hour before lunch, when she and her husband and their friends "went off in fits" at an exchange of Flemish jokes.

Our passengers were all white, not because of a color bar but because even those black people who could afford the first class thought it too expensive. Yet,



"Oh dear! I think he's decided I stink."

• •

except for the Belgian captain, who never came down from his quarters on the top deck, the entire crew was black, and we were kept fed and clean by a small band of Congolese men. They managed this with an extraordinary, almost mysterious ease. There were only three stewards and a barman, and often, five minutes before the bell rang for a meal, I would see them sitting on their haunches on the barge below us, barefoot and in dirty shorts, murmuring their perpetual tide of gossip. But however promptly you presented yourself at table, they were there before you, in mildewed white cotton suits and forage caps decorated with the shipping company's badge. Only their bare feet provided a link with the idlers of a few minutes before. The idlers never looked up and did not notice a greeting from the decks above them, but the stewards were grinning and persuasive, pressing food upon you, running to get your wine with a happy, speedy slither that implied a joking reference to your thirst. When we stopped at river stations and the great refrigerated hold was opened, we recognized the same three stewards, grunting as they tossed the weight of half a frozen ox from hand to hand. George was the one who waited on us and even took it upon himself to wake us up in time for breakfast, pounding on our cabin door and calling "Chop-chop!," and one evening I remarked to him, "You were working hard this afternoon, eh?"

He looked at me blankly. "Madam?"

"Yes, unloading. I saw you unloading meat."

"It wasn't me," he said.

"Not you, in the green shirt?"

He shook his head vehemently. It appeared that I had insulted him by the suggestion. And yet it had been he, all right—his gruff laugh and small mustache and splayed toes. How could I argue with him? Wasn't it a known fact that to white people all black faces look alike?

In the evenings, the priest put on gray flannel trousers and smoked a large cigar; you would have said then that he was a big businessman, successful and yet retaining some residue of sensitivity in the form of sadness. My husband found out that he was in fact the financial administrator of a remote and very large complex of mission schools. I was often aware of him, without actually seeing him, when I was in our cabin at night; he liked to stand alone on the deserted bend of the deck outside. The honeymoon couple (as we thought of the newly married pair, although their honeymoon was over and he was taking her to the inland administrative post where he worked) formed the habit of coming there, too, during the hot hours when everyone was resting after lunch. He, with his fair, curly hair and rather snouty, good-looking face, would stand looking out at the leap and glitter of the water, but she could see nothing but him—it was as if he were blown up to fill the screen of her vision, and in this exaggerated projection every detail, every hair and pore, held her attention like the features of a landscape. Fascinated, she concentrated on squeezing blackheads from his chin. I used to come noisily out of the cabin, hoping to drive this idyll away. But they were not aware of me; she was not aware of the presence of another woman, who recognized the ugliness of some intimacies when seen, as they never should be, by a spectator. "Why must they choose our deck?" I said to my husband.

He was amused. "Come on, what's the matter with love?" He lay on his bed grinning.

The thing was that I could not help expecting something of that face—the girl's face. It disappointed me to see that face surfeited with the simplest relationship with a commonplace man, like a baby's face bleary with milk. I was reluctant to admit that her intensity at the dinner table was merely a ruthless desire to get the choice bits of every course shovelled onto his plate. I felt irritated when I came upon her sitting placidly stitching the torn ribbon of a vulgar frilly petticoat made of rainbow-colored net. It was simply a rare face, that was all, clapped on the same old bundle of well-conformed instincts and the same few feelings; my twinges of disappointment were nothing more than part of that mild preoccupation with a collection of lives you will never touch upon again that makes a voyage so restful.

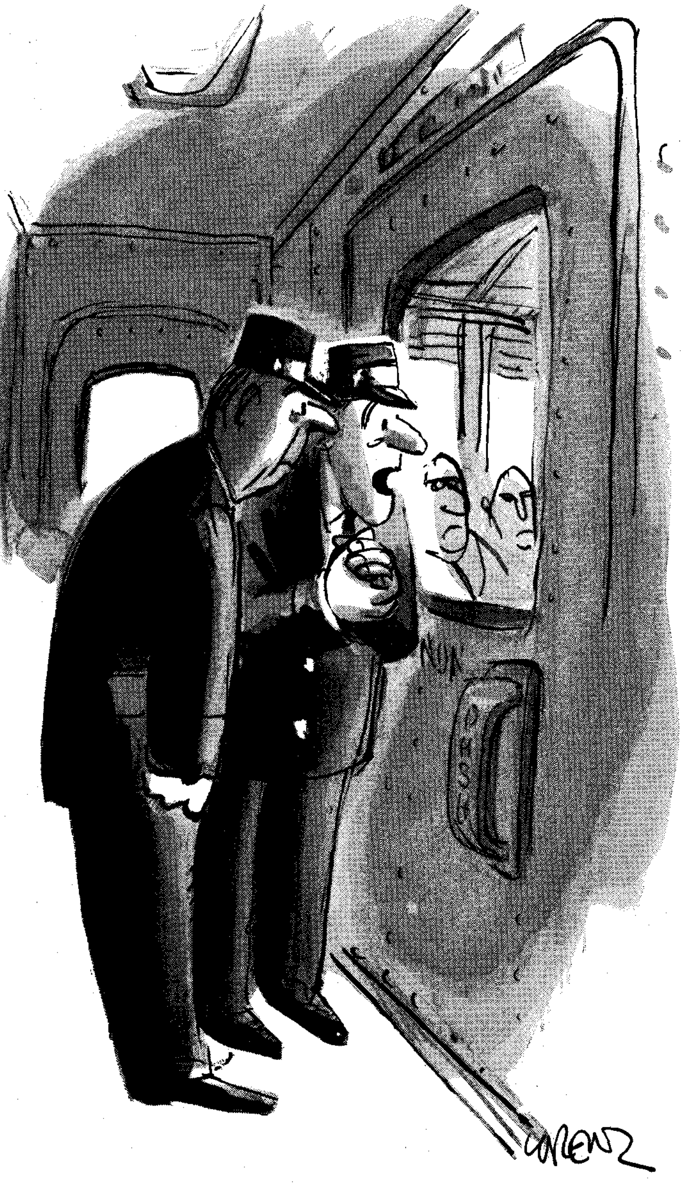
OUR first stop was in the middle of the second night, and next morning we woke up to find the ivory sellers aboard. They came from the forest, and the expressions on their faces were made difficult to read by distracting patterns of tattooing, but they wore white cotton vests from a trading store. Out of cardboard suitcases of the kind schoolchildren use, they spread ivory toothpicks, paper knives, and bracelets on the narrow deck, and squatted among them. Nearly all the Belgians had seen this tourist bric-a-brac many times before, but they gathered around, asking prices challengingly and then putting the stuff down and walking away. A few women, sheepish about it, bought bracelets, and shook them on their wrists, as if deciding they were not so bad after all. The old prospector told my husband and me an elephant-hunting story. One of the agricultural officers, whose child, learning to walk, hampered his father's left leg like a shackle, said, "Have you locked your door? You want to while these fellows are about. They'll take anything."

The vender who stationed himself outside our cabin didn't take anything, but I don't think he sold anything, either. Just before lunchtime, he packed his cardboard case again and went off down to the public thoroughfare of the barges, where a pirogue was tied, trailing alongside in the water like a narrow floating leaf. He did not seem downcast, but then, as I have remarked, it was difficult to tell, with those rows of nicks running in curved lines across his forehead, and the sharp cuts tightening the skin under the eyes.

People brought all sorts of things aboard to sell, and they were all sorts of people, too, for we were following the river a thousand miles, through the homes of many tribes. Sometimes old hags with breasts like bellpulls, or children with dusty bellies, sprang up on the dark riverbank and yelled "'depenDANCE!" Young men and girls would swim out ahead of our convoy and drift past us with darting, uplifted eyes, begging for jam tins from the galley. Those men who managed to scramble aboard, dressed in their sleek wet blackness, hid their nakedness with exactly that instinct that must have come to Adam when he was cast out of the Garden, and that put them, although they lived alone in the forest among the wild creatures, forever apart from the animal life they shared.

The pirogues came bringing live turtles, fish, the smoked meat of hippopotamus and crocodile, and wine made from bananas, palm nuts, or sorghum. The venders did a good trade with our crew and the passengers down at the native boat; the laughter, the exclamations, and the argument of bargaining were with us all day, heard but not understood, like voices in the next room. At stopping places, the people who were nourished on these ingredients poured ashore across the single plank flung down for them, looking very human in contour, the flesh of the children sweet, the men and women strong and sometimes handsome. We, thank God, were fed on veal and ham and Brussels sprouts, brought frozen from Europe.

When our convoy put off some contribution to the shore instead of taking on its fruits, the object was usually something outlandish and bulky. A product of heavy industry, some chunk of machinery or a road-making tractor, set down in a country that has not been industrial-



"I just *can't* face them again. Now there's a cow on the tracks."

ized, looks as strange as a spaceship from Mars. The settlement would consist of a strip of landing stage, with a tin shed, a hut or two—not quite native and not quite a white man's house—a row of empty oil drums, and a crane standing like some monster water bird on three legs above the water. The crane came into action with the rattle of chains playing out, and there, hanging in the air, ready to land where its like had never been seen, where there were no forms that approximated it in the least, were the immense steel angles of something gleaming with gray paint and intricate with dials. Cars and jeeps went ashore this way, too, dangling, but they seemed more agile, adaptable, and accepted, and no sooner were they ashore than some missionary or trader jumped in and they went scrambling away up the bank and disappeared.

We stopped, one day, long enough for us to be able to go ashore and wander round a bit. It was quite a place—white provincial offices in a garden with marigolds, on a newly cleared space of raw red earth, a glass-and-steel hospital in the latest contemporary architecture, an avenue of old palms along the waterfront leading to a weathered red brick cathedral. When the taxi we had hired drove a mile out along the single road that led away into the forest, all this was lost and secret, hidden by the forest as if it had already become one of those ancient lost cities that are sometimes found in a rich humus grave, dead under the rotting green, teeming culture of life. Another day, we stopped only long enough for us to go ashore for a moment, within sight of the boat. There was nothing much to see; it was hardly a village. It was Sunday, and a few Portuguese traders and their fat wives in flowered dresses were sitting on the veranda of a house, drinking lemonade; opposite, a tin store sold sewing machines and cigarettes. A crumbling white fort, streaked with livid moss and being pushed apart by the swelling roots of trees, remained from the days, eighty years before, when the Arab slave traders built it. The native village that they had raided and burned had left no trace, except, perhaps, the beginning of the line of continuity that leads men always to build where others, enemies or vanished, have lived before them.

SOMEONE came aboard at this brief stopping place. At dinner that evening, we found on our tables slips of paper with a typewritten announcement. There was to be an entertainment at eight o'clock in the bar—gentlemen: eighty francs; ladies: seventy francs. There was a stir of amusement in the dining room. I thought, for a moment, of a donkey derby or bingo game. My husband said at the same moment, "A choir, I'll bet. Girls who'll stand in a row and sing mission-school hymns. They must have been practicing down at the other boat."

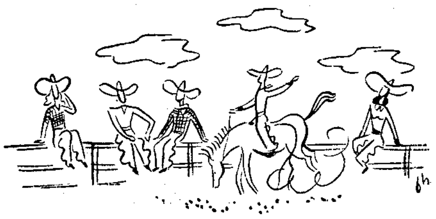
"What's this?" I asked George.

"You will like it," he said.

"But what is it—a show, or what?"

"Very good," he said. "You will see. A man who does things you have never seen. Very clever."

When we had finished eating the sweet course, he came skidding back to hit at our swiftly cleared table with a napkin, scattering crumbs. "You are coming in the bar?" he said, making sure. It was a kindly but firm command. We began to have that obscure anxiousness to see the thing a success that descends upon one at school concerts and amateur theatricals. Oh, yes, we were coming, all right. We usually took coffee on the deck, but this time we carried our cups straight into the lounge, where the bar comfortably occupied one wall and the fans in the low, panelled ceiling did not dispel the trapped heat of the day, but only blew down a perpetual emanation of radio music from loudspeakers set in grilles overhead. We were almost the first there; we thought we might as well take good seats at one of the tables right in front of the space that had been cleared before the bar. The senior administrator and his daughter, who sat in the bar every night playing tricktrack, got up and went out. There were not more than five or six others. By half past eight there were perhaps fifteen of us, including the honeymoon couple, who had looked in several times, grinning vaguely, and at last decided to come. "What a lot of mean bastards, eh?" said my husband admiringly. It did seem a surprising restraint that could resist an unspecified local entertainment offered in the middle of a week-long green nowhere. The barman, a handsome young Bacongo from Léopoldville, leaned an elbow on the counter and stared at us. George came in from the dining room and bent his head to talk closely to him; he remained hunched against the counter, smiling at the room with a reassuring, confident smile.



At last, the entertainment began. It was, of course, a magician, as we had understood from George it must be. The man walked in suddenly from the deck—perhaps he had been waiting there behind the stacked deck chairs for the right moment. He wore a white shirt and gray trousers, and carried an attaché case. He had an assistant with him, a very black, dreamy, squat chap, picked up for a few francs as a volunteer, most likely, from among the passengers down on the native boat. He spent most of the performance sitting astride a chair with his chin on his arms on the high back.

There was a hesitant spatter of clapping as the magician came in, but he did not acknowledge it, and it quickly died out. He went to business at once. Out of the attaché case, which was rather untidily filled, came bits of white paper, scissors, a bunch of paper flowers, and strings of crumpled flags. His first trick was a card trick—an old one that most of us had seen many times before and

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GOODBYE TO REGAL

(London, 1959)

In forgiving mood, this sultry July afternoon,
The last lingering child will be gone
From the gates of Regal Secondary Modern School,
A school most teachers gratefully shun.

The intimate daily struggle so calmly ends,
Without victory to either side.
Goodbye to the staff, and to the boys more sadly,
And the girls most sadly, I have replied.

And a friend offers congratulations, echoing
The complaints I should have kept unsaid:
"By God, you must be glad to leave." My children,
For his ignorance I could strike him dead.

—Daniel Huws

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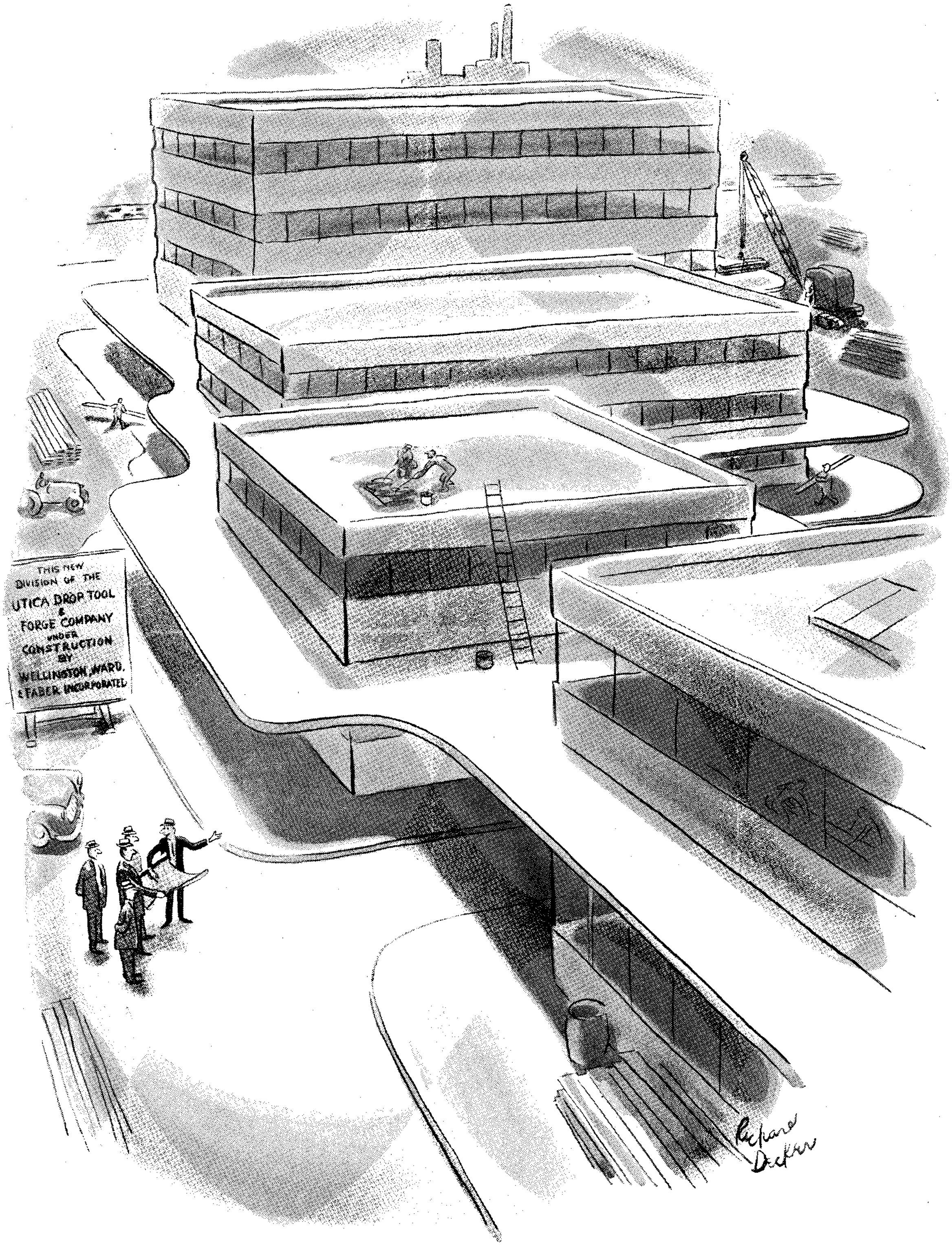

THIS NEW DIVISION OF THE UTICA DROP TOOL & FORGE COMPANY UNDER CONSTRUCTION BY WELLINGTON, WARD, & FABER INCORPORATED
Richard Decker

". . . and then this functional overhang here will provide adequate all-weather shelter for picketing."

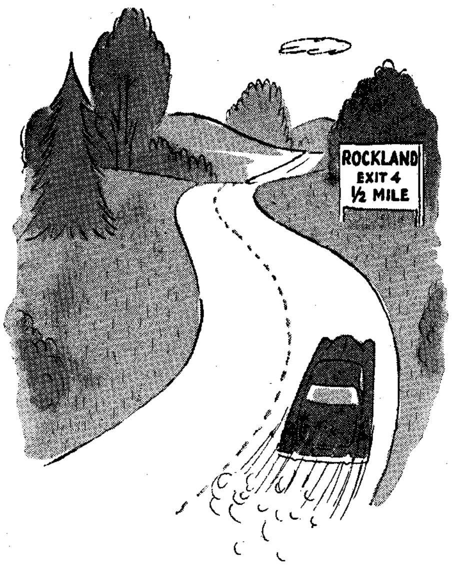
• •

one or two of us could have done ourselves. There were a few giggles, and only one person attempted to clap, but the magician had already gone on to his next illusion, which involved the string of pennants and a hat. Then there was the egg that emerged from his ear. Then the fifty-franc note that was torn up before our eyes and made whole again—not exactly before them, but almost.

Between items of his performance there was an interval when he turned his back protectively to us and made some preparation, with his hands hidden beneath a length of black cloth that covered the small table on which his things were assembled. Once, he spoke to the barman, and was given a glass. He did not seem to be aware of the significance of applause when he got it, and he went through his revelations without a word of patter, even without the abracadabra or "Hey, presto!" gestures without which it is impossible to imagine a magician bringing anything off. He did not smile, and we saw his small, filed white teeth in his smooth black face only when his upper lip lifted in concentration. His eyes, though they met ours openly, were inner-focussed. He went through what was clearly his entire limited repertoire—learned God knows where or from whom (perhaps even by some extraordinary correspondence course)—without mishap, but only just. When he crunched up the glass and ate it, for instance, he did not wear the look of eye-rolling agony that is this trick's professional accompaniment and makes even the most skeptical audience hold its breath in sympathy—he looked fearful and anxious, his face twitching like the face of someone crawling through a barbed-wire fence. After half an hour, he turned away at the conclusion of a trick and began folding up the string of flags, and we assumed that there would now be an interval before the second part of the performance. But at once the assistant got up from his chair and came round the room with a plate to collect the fee, preceded by George, who handed out all over again the slips of paper that we had found on our tables at dinner: "An entertainment, 8 P.M., in the bar. Gentlemen: eighty francs; ladies: seventy francs." The performance was over. The audience, which had felt flat anyway, now felt cheated. One of the Belgian ladies, smiling, protested, "Seventy francs for *this!*"

George announced proudly to each table that tomorrow morning at ten there would be a repeat performance—

ROCKLAND
EXIT 4
ONE MILE



same prices for adults, thirty francs for children. We could all see the magician again then.

"It's too much, too expensive," one of the Belgians said for us all. "You can't charge eighty francs for only half an hour. It's only just after nine o'clock. He can't charge so much and then give us half an hour. Is this all he knows?"

There were murmurs of half-interested assent; some people were inclined to go off to bed anyway. The objection was explained to George, and his organizer's pride died slowly, wonderingly. Suddenly he waggled a reassuring palm of the hand; it would be all right, he would make it all right, and his idiotic assurance, based on nothing that we could see, was so sweeping that everybody handed over the seventy and eighty francs doggedly.

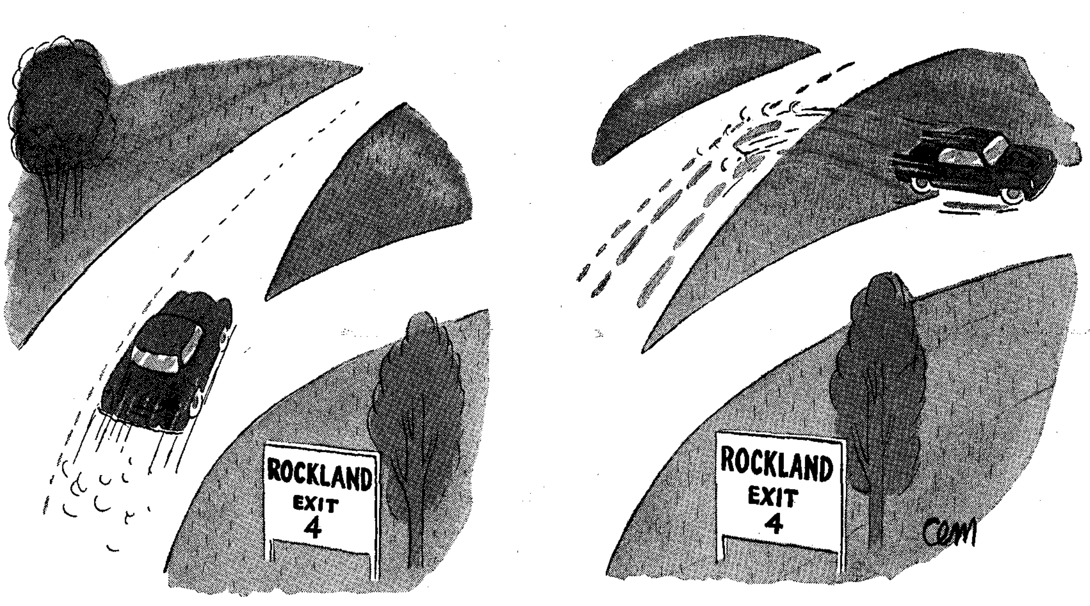
Then George went to the magician and began to talk to him in a low, fast, serious voice. There was a tinge of scorn and exasperation in it, but whether this was directed toward the magician or toward us we did not know, because none of us understood the language. The barman leaned over to hear, and the assistant stood stolidly in the little huddle.

Only two members of the small audience had gone to bed, after all. The rest of us sat there, amused, but with a certain thread of tension livening us up. It was clear that most of the people did not like to be taken in; it was a matter they prided themselves on—not to be taken in, even by blacks, whom they didn't expect to have the same standards about these things and whom they thought of as thievish anyway. Our attitude—that of my husband and myself—was secretly different, though the difference could not show outwardly. Tempted though we were to treat the whole evening as a joke and a rather naïve extortion of a hundred and fifty francs from our pockets, we had the priggish feeling that it was perhaps patronizing and a kind of insult to make special allowances for these people simply because they were black. If they chose, as they had, to enter into an activity governed by European values, whether it was conjuring or running a twentieth-century state, they must in justice be expected to live up to their chosen standards. For the sake of the magician himself and our relation to him as an audience, he had to give us our hundred and fifty francs' worth. We finished our glasses of beer while the urgent discussion between George, the barman, and the magician went on.

The magician seemed adamant. Almost before George had begun to speak, he was shaking his head, and he did not stop packing away the stuff of his illusions—the cards, the paper flowers, the egg. He drew his lips back from his teeth and answered in the hard tone of flat refusal, again and again. George continued to talk on, right into his face, and there were interjections from the barman. The magician looked round the room unseeingly, and down at his clothes and his shoes. He asked a question of George, or threw it at him as an unanswerable challenge, again and again. But George and the barman closed in on him verbally—a stream of words that flowed round and spilled over challenges. Quite suddenly, the magician gave in, must have given in, but with what sounded like a disclaimer of all responsibility, a warning.

George turned to us with a happy grin. He bowed and threw up his hands. "I have told him 'too short.' Now he makes some more for you. Some magic." And he laughed, lifting his eyebrows and inclining his head so that his white forage cap nearly fell off, implying that the whole business was simply a miracle to him, as it must be to us.

The magician bowed, too. And we clapped him; it was sporting, on both sides. The newly married girl rested her head a moment on the snouty young man's shoulder and yawned in his ear. Then we were all attention. The assistant, who had taken the opportunity to subside into his chair again, was summoned, in two syllables, by the magician. Then the magician made a brief, final, and somehow preparatory gesture, running his hand along inside the waistband of his trousers, tucking in his shirt, and began to make passes with his hands in front of the assistant's face. The assistant blinked, like a sleepy dog worried by a fly. His was a dense, coaly face, bunched toward the front by a strong, jutting jaw, puffy lips, and a broad nose with a single tattoo mark like a line of ink drawn down it. He had long, woolly eyelashes, and they seemed to sway over his eyes. The magician's black hands were thin, and the yellow-pink palms looked almost translucent; he might not have had the words, but he had the gestures, all right, and his hands curled like serpents and fluttered like birds. The assistant began to dance. He shuffled away from the magician, the length of the bar, neck retracted and arms bent at the elbows like a runner, with a slither and hesitation from one foot to the other—the step that Africans can do as soon as they learn to walk, and that they can always do, drunk or sober, even when they are so old that they can scarcely walk. A subdued but generous laughter went up. We were all ready to give the magician good-natured encouragement, now that he was trying. The magician continued to stand, his hands fallen now at his sides, his slim body modest and relaxed, hanging from his shoulders in its shabby clean shirt and too big gray trousers. He kept his eyes quietly on the assistant, and the man turned and came back to him, singing now as well as dancing, and in a young *girl's* voice. And here we all laughed spontaneously. As a hypnotist, the magician had the sense of timing that he lacked so conspicuously when performing tricks, and



before the laughter stopped he said something curtly to the assistant, and the man went over to the bar counter, picked up an empty glass jug that stood there, and drank it off in deep, gasping gulps as if he had been wandering for days in a desert. He was returned to his inanimate self by one movement of the magician's hands before his face. He looked at us all without surprise, and then, although finding himself the focus of attention, sat down in his chair again and yawned.

"Let's see what he can do with someone else—not his own man!" one of the Belgians called out good-humoredly, signalling for the barman at the same time.

"Yes, come on, someone else."

"Ask him to try someone he doesn't know."

"You want it, yes?" George said. He was grinning. He pointed a finger at the magician.

"You, George—let's see if he can do you!"

"No, one of *us*." A shiny, tubby-faced man in cocoa research, who had toward the blacks the chaffing, half-scornful ease of one of those who knew them well, swung round in his chair. "That's an idea, eh? Let him have a go at one of us, and see how he gets on."

"Yes, yes." There was a positive chorus of rising assent; even the honeymooners joined in. Someone said, "But what about the language? How can he suggest things in our minds if we don't know the same language?," but she was dismissed, and George explained in one sentence to the magician what was wanted.

He made no protest. In a swift movement he walked away toward the bar a few steps and then turned to face us, at bay. I noticed that his nostrils—he had a fine nose—moved in and out once or twice as if he were taking slow, deep breaths.

We were waiting, I suppose, for him to call one of us out—one of the men, of course. The cocoa man and one or two others were ready for some rough equivalent of the familiar "Will any kind gentleman or lady please step up onto the stage?" But, oddly, it did not come. Over the giggles and nudges and half sentences, an expectancy fell. We sat looking at the awkward young black man searching slowly along our faces, and we did not know when the performance had begun. Fidgeting died down, and our eyes surrounded him closely. He was as still as any prey run to ground. And then while we were looking at him, waiting for him to choose one of us, we became aware of a sudden, smooth movement in our ranks. My attention was distracted to the right and I saw the girl—the honeymoon girl, my girl with the face—get up with a little exclamation, a faint, wondering "*tst!*" of remembering something, and walk calmly, without brushing against anything, over to the magician. She stood directly before him, quite still, her tall, rounded shoulders drooping naturally. Her head, which was raised to him, almost on a level with his own, was thrust forward a little. He did not move; he did not gaze; his eyes blinked quietly. She put up her long arms and, standing just their length from him, brought her hands to rest on his shoulders. Her cropped head dropped before him to her chest.

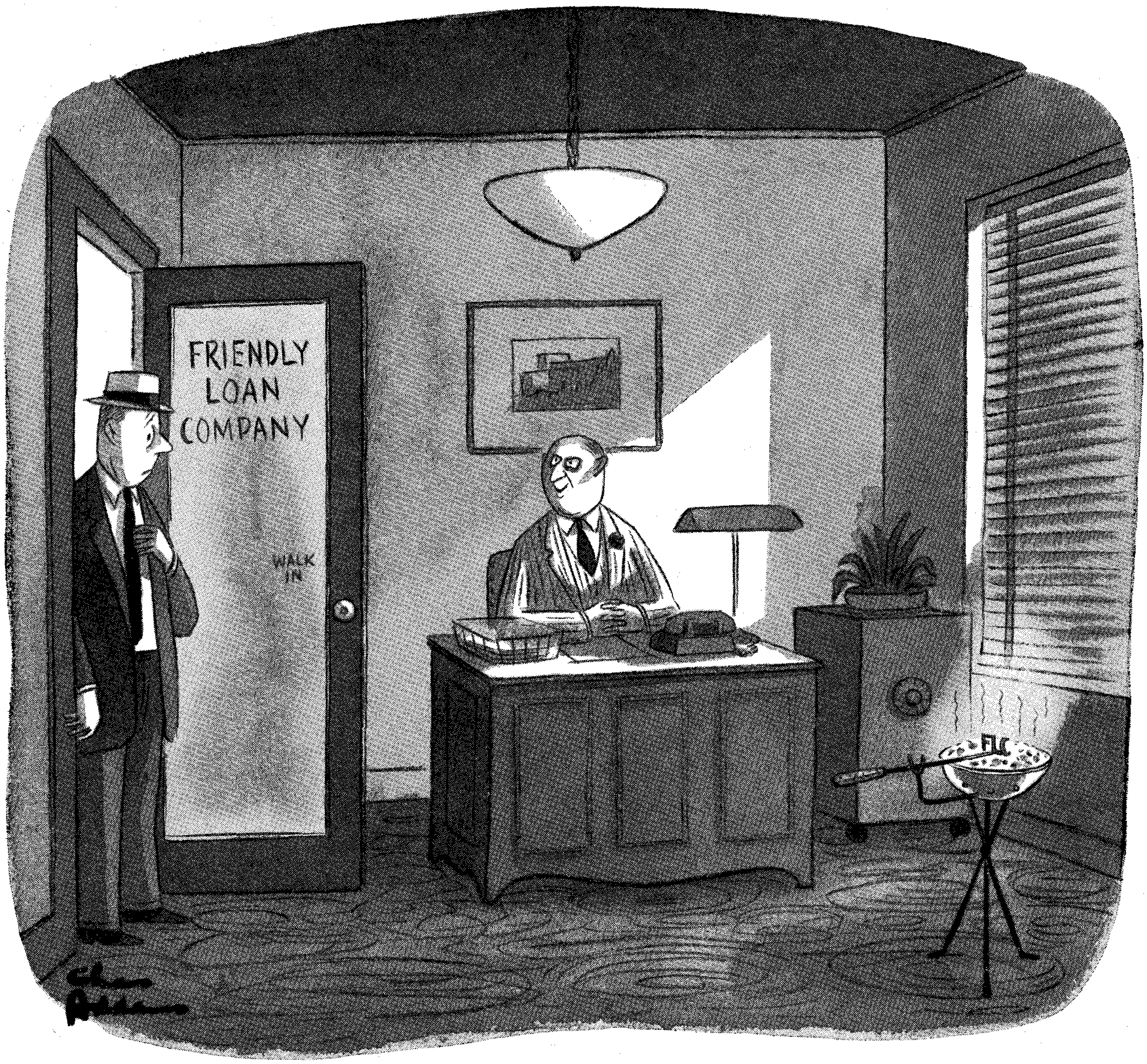
It was the most extraordinary gesture. None of us could see her face; there was nothing but the gesture. God knows where it came from—*he* could not have put it into her will, it was not in any hypnotist's repertoire, and she, surely, could not have had the place for something so rare in her female, placidly sensual nature. I don't think I have ever seen such a gesture before, but I knew, they knew, we all knew what it meant. It was nothing to do with what exists between men and women. She had never made such a gesture to her husband or to any man. She had never stood like that before her father—none of us has. How can I explain? One of the disciples might have come before Christ like that. There was the peace of absolute trust in it. It stirred a needle of fear in me—more than that; for a moment, I was horribly afraid, and how can I explain that, either? For the gesture was beautiful, and I have lived in Africa all my life and I know my own people, the white people. To see it was beautiful would make them dangerous.

The husband sat hunched back in his chair in what was to me a most unexpected reaction—his fist pushed his cheek out of shape and he was frozenly withdrawn, like a parent witnessing a suddenly volunteered performance by a child who, as far as he knew, had neither talent nor ambition. But the cocoa expert, who had dealt with the blacks so long, acted quickly, and jumped up, calling authoritatively, but only just controlled, "Hey! No, no! We want him to try his magic with the men! Tell him not the ladies. No, no, he must take a man."

The room was released as if it had struck a blow. And at the same moment the magician, who had not had time to hear George speak sharply to him, understood and passed his hand across the lower part of his own face in an almost servile movement that bumped the arms of the girl without deliberately touching her and released her instantly. At once she laughed and was dazed, and as her husband came to her as if to escort an invalid, I heard her saying in a pleased way, "It's wonderful! You should try! Like a dreamy feeling . . . really!"

She had missed the sight of her own gesture; she was the only person at ease in the room.

THERE was no performance the next morning. I suppose the first audience had been too disappointingly



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small. When my husband asked after the magician, at lunch, George said inattentively, "He has gone." We had not made a stop anywhere, but of course pirogues were constantly coming and going between us and the shore.

The boat began to take on the look of striking camp; we were due at Stanleyville in two days, and some of the Belgians were getting off at the big agricultural research station where we would call a few hours before Stanleyville. Tin trunks with neat lettering began to appear outside the cabins. The honeymoon couple spent hours down on the second barge cleaning their car. They had rags and a bucket, and they let the bucket down into the river and then sloshed brown water over the metal, which was too hot to touch. The old hand changed a tire on his rusty jeep and announced that he had room for two passengers going from Stanleyville north, toward the Sudan. Only my husband and I and the priest made no preparations; he had run out of things to read, and allowed himself a cigar in broad daylight as he leaned on the rail. My husband and I, leaning beside him, had only the meagre luggage of air travellers and a single briefcase of papers for the congress on tropical diseases that we were going to attend.

On the morning of our last day aboard, I watched passengers struggling ashore from the native boat against the stream of visitors and people selling something coming up the gangplank. We had stopped with the usual lack of ceremony at a landing in a mile-long village of huts thatched with banana leaves and surrounded by banana plantations that stretched along the riverbank. The white boat and the barges stood out in the water at an angle from the shore; the link with it was a tenuous one. But babies and goats and bicycles passed over it, and among them I saw the magician going ashore. He looked like any other young black clerk, with his white shirt and gray trousers, and the attaché case. All Africa carries an attaché case now, and what I knew was in that one might not be more extraordinary than what might be in some of the others.

—Nadine Gordimer

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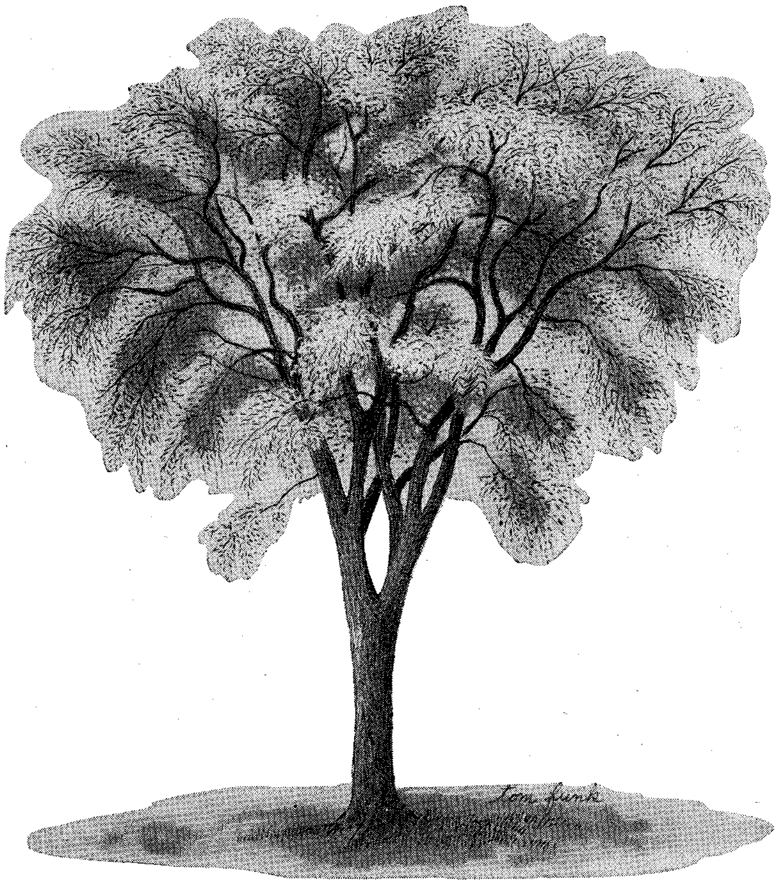
Finley said:

"I want to emphasize that Lane will continue to be my general manager through the remaining three years of his contract and for as many years as he cares to stay with us. In other words, we're going to sink or fall with Frank."—*The Times.*

Well, you don't need to get nasty about it.

PROFILES

A GREAT GREEN CLOUD



MOST trees, to most Americans, are more estimable dead than alive. It is usual, and traditional, to consider practically all the several hundred widespread species of indigenous American trees as lumber or cabinet wood or paper pulp or fuel, or as simply in the way. There are, to be sure, exceptions to this rule of axe and saw. Many species of tree (beech, white oak, black walnut, flowering dogwood, sassafras, persimmon) are occasionally spared, and some (honey locust, sugar maple, pecan) are passed over as often as not. Just one, however, is almost invariably left to live out its natural life in peace. That is *Ulmus americana* Linnaeus—the white, or American, elm.

The tranquillity that the American elm enjoys is altogether its own. It is not the common condition of elms. None of the other native American elms (rock, wahoo, slippery, cedar, and September) has ever been so favored. It stems from a complex of qualities that peculiarly distinguish *Ulmus americana* Linnaeus. One of these is beauty. The beauty of most beautiful trees derives chiefly from ornamentation—a spangling of buds and blossoms, a richness of summer foliage, a blaze of autumn color—and it comes and goes with the seasons. When the leaves are down, it has vanished. Most trees in winter, like cats in the dark, look alike. But not the elm. "No other tree looks like the American elm against the sky," William M. Harlow, whose "Trees of the Eastern and Central United States and Canada" is a standard work in the field of dendrology, has noted. "Its branch configuration—serpentine, Medusa-like—is unique." The American elm is a perennially beautiful tree. The beauty of the elm—its buttressed bole, its arched and soaring branches, its wineglass silhouette—transcends the seasons. It owes nothing to flower and little to leaf, and everything to structure. It is an architectural beauty, a splendor of line and form. "We claim for the [American] elm the epithets, the elegant and the graceful," the pioneer American arboriculturist A. J. Downing testified in 1841 in his "A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, Adapted to North America, with a View to the Improvement of Country Residences." "It is the expression of classical beauty."

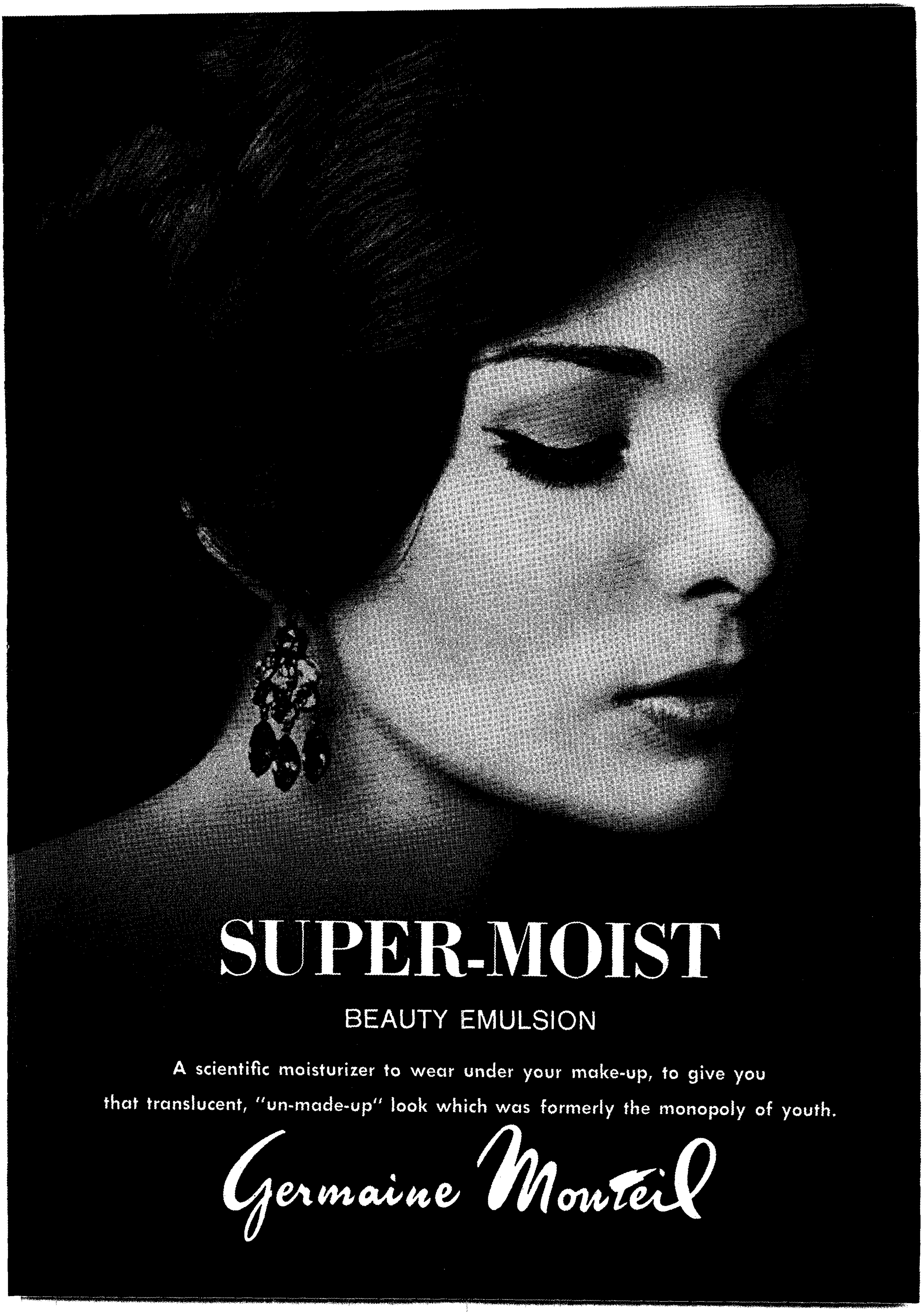
Other admirers of the American elm have claimed for it even stronger epithets. In the opinion of the late Ernest H. Wilson, Keeper of the Arnold Arboretum, at Harvard, the American elm is "the largest and most graceful tree of the Northeastern States and Canada, and one of the most beautiful trees in the Northern Hemisphere." Joseph S. Illick, Dean Emeritus of the State University College of Forestry, at Syracuse University, has called it "one of the noblest works of creation," adding, "Nothing finer has been given us, and nothing finer could be wished for." The great eighteenth-century French botanical explorer André Michaux went further. He regarded the American elm (and so characterized it in his classic "Flora Boreali-Americana") as "the most magnificent vegetable of the temperate zone." So did Oliver Wendell Holmes. "What makes a first-class elm?" he asks in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." "Why, size, in the first place, and chiefly. Anything over twenty feet of clear girth five feet above the ground, and with a spread of branches a hundred feet across, may claim that title, according to my scale." He then describes, with unaccustomed ardor, the impact that a first-class specimen can have: "All at once—I declare to you it makes my flesh creep when I think of it now—all at once, I saw a great green cloud swelling in the horizon, so vast, so symmetrical, of such Olympian majesty and imperial supremacy among the lesser forest growths, that my heart stopped short, then jumped at my ribs as a hunter springs at a five-barred gate." And P. G. Cross, a less reserved belletrist, is swept by admiration past ardor into rhapsody. "Ulmus the Elm!" he proclaims in his "Our Friends the Trees." "What noble life is yours! Ulmus! Superb enough to bless any home, and adorn the wide domain. Ulmus! The onrushing ages have left thy uplifted crown with undimmed glory."

The singularity of the American elm is not confined to its beauty. It is also a singularly adaptable tree. No other considerable native tree adorns a wider domain. Although the natural province of the species lies largely east of the Mississippi River, its possible range embraces all of temperate North America but mountain altitudes and arid plains. It grows (or can grow) from the St. Lawrence River Valley and the upper Great Lakes region southward to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic seaboard west to eastern Colorado, and along the Pacific littoral from just above the Mexican border to southern British Columbia. It can adapt itself to almost any weather (the soggy heat of Florida, the scorching winds of Kansas, the everlasting rains of Oregon, the death-grip cold of Maine and Minnesota), to almost any soil (rich loam, coarse sand, gluey gumbo clay), and to almost any surroundings. The elm is at once a forest tree, a tree of farmyards and hedgerows and village greens, and a tree of towns and cities. There are, according to the American Forestry Association, around a billion American elms in the United States today. Of these, at least twenty-five million are cultivated trees, planted for beauty and shade. Most of this number grow in urban areas. The American elm is in almost every respect a matchless urban tree. Its crown rides high above the tallest traffic, and its forking trunk provides a natural passage for power and telephone lines. Moreover, its roots are so shallow that it can flourish in the meagre earth of parks and malls built over subways, tunnels, and underground garages. It is, in addition, as rugged as a weed. It can live in almost any filth of smoke and soot and noxious fumes that man himself can tolerate.

As a shade tree, the American elm has no equal. The quality of its shade is unique. Most comparably robust trees are densely foliaged and branch close to the ground, and the shade they give is dark and heavy, and often all but breathless. The arching elm reaches high and wide before it breaks into leaf, and its leaves, though numerous (a big tree will put out a million or more), are widely spaced and ranged on a single plane, forming an open, latticelike pattern. Elm shade is thus an exquisite dapple of airy light and shifting shadow. Grass will grow to perfection beneath an elm. Lawns shaded by elms are among the finest in the world. Elm shade is also a spacious shade. A well-grown elm may cast its shade over nearly half an acre, and a man—or many men—can sit in comfort there. The shade of an elm has always been a favorite gathering place. It is probable that no other native tree has sheltered so many noonings and picnics and family reunions. It is certain that none has been the scene of so many historic events.

"What do I do? I'm a woman. Isn't that enough?"

AMERICAN elms abound in American history. One of the first (and, until well within living memory, the largest) of the many trees on Boston Common was an elm. It was planted by Captain Daniel Henchman in 1670, on the eve of King Philip's War, to "insure shade to the military companies which might exercise there in after time." The "treaty of purchase and amity" by which William Penn, in 1682, obtained from the sachem Tamend (or Tammany) a clear title to the present State of Pennsylvania was negotiated at Shackamaxon (now a part of Philadelphia) under an elm "of prodigious size." Few trees have inspired such veneration as that elm. "During the War of Independence," D. J. Browne, an early-nineteenth-century annalist, noted, "General Simcoe, who commanded the British force at Kensington, when his soldiers were cutting down all the trees around them for fuel, placed a centinel under Penn's Elm to guard it from injury." Penn's Elm was felled by wind in 1810 at the age (according to an inscription on a marble column that now marks its site) of two hundred and eighty-three. The celebrated Liberty Trees under which—in Boston, Providence, Newport, and elsewhere—the Sons of Liberty pledged their opposition to the Stamp Act of 1765 all were elms. When William Tryon, Colonial Governor of New York, and Sir William Johnson, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, met with representatives of the Mohawks at Fort Johnson, on July 28, 1772, the meeting, which led to the opening of the Ohio Territory to white settlers, was held in the shade



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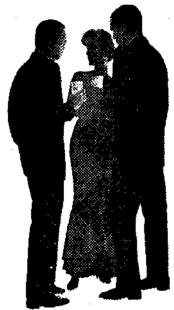

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of an elm. On July 3, 1775, Washington assumed command of the Continental Army beneath an elm on Cambridge Common. The Washington Elm, as it soon came to be known, was, however, even then a famous tree. It was first immortalized by the radical Methodist evangelist George Whitefield, who, having been denied a local pulpit, preached a series of sermons there in the summer of 1744. Washington was extraordinarily partial to elms. In his days as a surveyor, he often used elms as boundary markers. One planted by him for that purpose stood near Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, until several years ago. The grounds at Mount Vernon contain four fine elms that Washington transplanted from the wild, and during his first term as President he habitually sheltered himself under a great elm (which survived until 1948) to watch the construction of the Capitol.

The first local government in what is now the State of Kentucky was formed at a meeting convened by Daniel Boone on May 15, 1775, in the shade of an elm at Boonesborough. In later years, when Boone served as commandant of the Femme Osage district of Missouri, he chose an elm as the site of his court. The first American flag, according to some historians, was raised, on August 6, 1776, at Rome, New York, on an elm sapling. A sundial in City Hall Park at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, commemorates an elm (struck down by lightning in 1861) that was even more variously celebrated than the Washington Elm at Cambridge. In Colonial days, it served, like Boone's Missouri elm, as the seat of a local court. Volunteers for the march on Bunker Hill were recruited there in 1775. In 1790, when it was proposed that the tree be felled to make way for a new meetinghouse, Lucretia Williams, the wife of a Pittsfield lawyer, thrust herself between the tree and the axeman until softer hearts prevailed. And in 1814 the Pittsfield Elm was the scene of the first agricultural fair ever held in America.

There is hardly a town in the natural range of the species without an American elm—or the memory of one—that recalls some outstanding man or event. Atchinson, Kansas, long cherished an elm under which Lincoln made his first campaign speech in 1860. An elm associated with Buffalo Bill is preserved at his native town of Le Claire, Iowa. At Black Kettle Creek, near Halstead, Kansas, is an elm that shielded Kit Carson during a fight with a band of Comanches. Another Kansas elm, near

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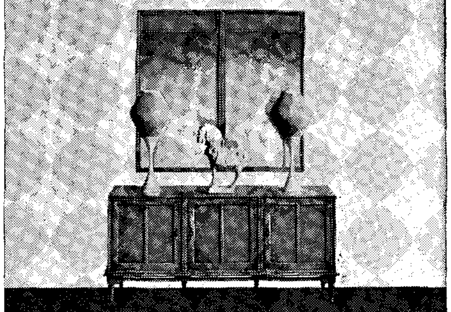

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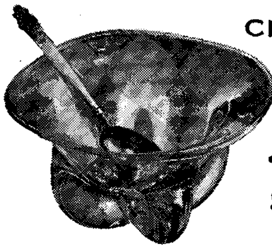

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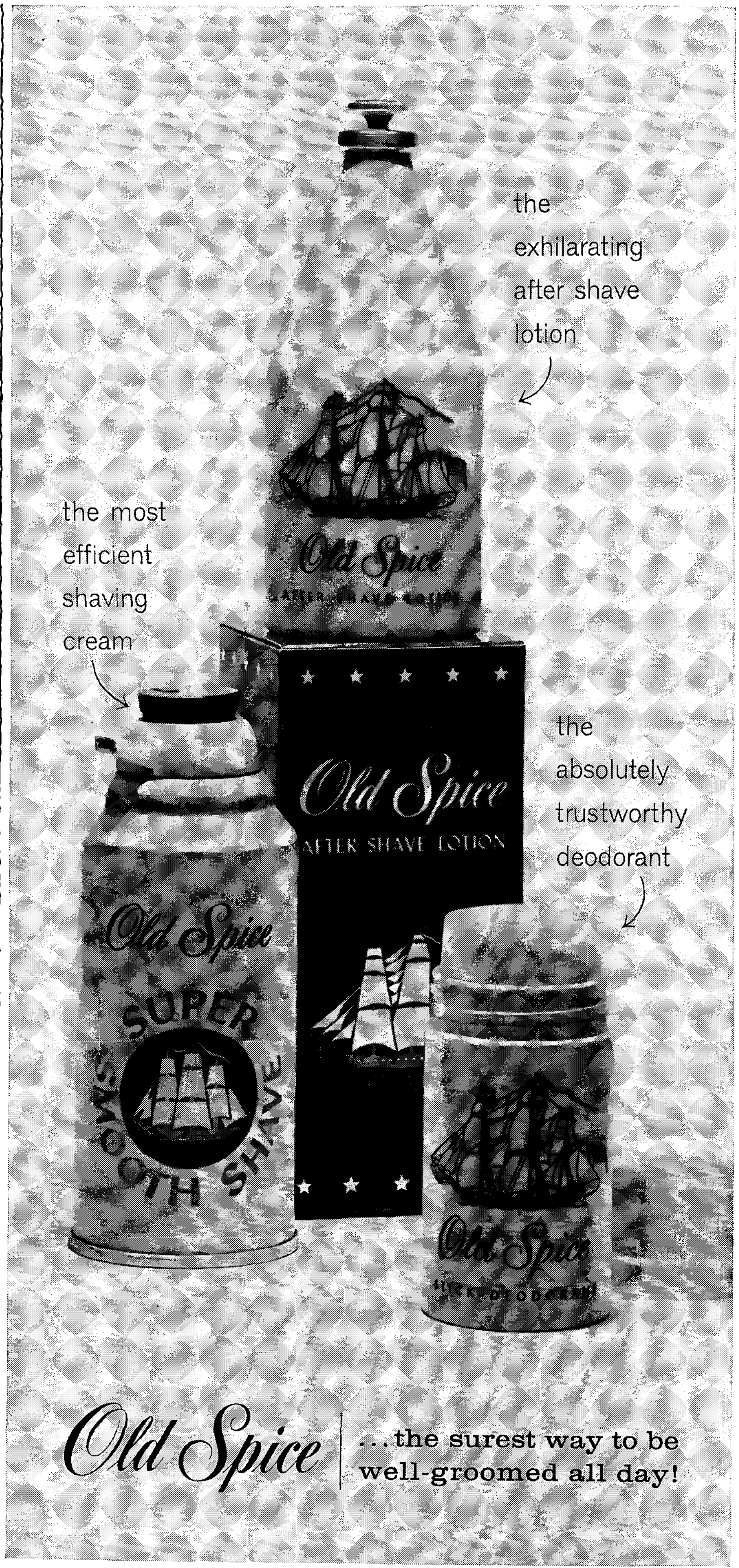
Council Grove, is remembered as one of Custer's campsites. Woodstock, Connecticut, has an elm that was planted there (on the Woodstock Academy lawn) by U. S. Grant on July 4, 1870. Also at Woodstock is an elm set out (in Roseland Park) in 1897 by William McKinley. An elm under which, according to regional recollection, Lincoln spent many boyhood hours "in play and study" is preserved on a farm in Spencer County, Indiana. A monument at Corydon, Indiana, marks the site of an elm in whose shade the constitution of that state was drafted, on June 10, 1816. Oberlin College, at Oberlin, Ohio (the first American college to admit women on an equal basis with men, and also the first to admit Negroes), was founded, in 1833, beneath a still surviving elm. The dedication of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery, on November 11, 1932, included the planting by the Disabled American Veterans of a memorial American elm. An American elm on the grounds of the Capitol in Washington is a memorial to Julius Sterling Morton, the originator of Arbor Day. Another elm, on the campus of Ohio University, at Athens, is a memorial to William McGuffey, the compiler of the once ubiquitous McGuffey Eclectic Readers. Even New York City has (or has had) its famous elms. The Elm Tree Beacon, at the foot of New Dorp Lane, on Staten Island, takes its name from a great tree that once served navigators on lower New York Bay as a landmark. Two memorial elms still stand in Manhattan. One of these is at Grant's Tomb and was transplanted there from his farm near St. Louis. Another, on the Mall in Central Park, was planted in 1860 by the then Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) along with an English oak to commemorate British-American friendship. The oak died within a decade, but the elm is only now reaching its prime. The biggest elm in the United States (and probably in the world) is an American elm. This tree, which stands near Trigonia, in Blount County, Tennessee, has a girth of nearly twenty-five feet and a spread of a hundred and forty-seven feet. Its height is a hundred and sixty feet, or approximately that of a thirteen-story building.

NEVERTHELESS, for all the veneration it commands, the American elm is not a flawless tree. It has faults to match its virtues. Two of these are faults of imposing magnitude. They have, however, nothing in common but size. One has been a decisive fac-



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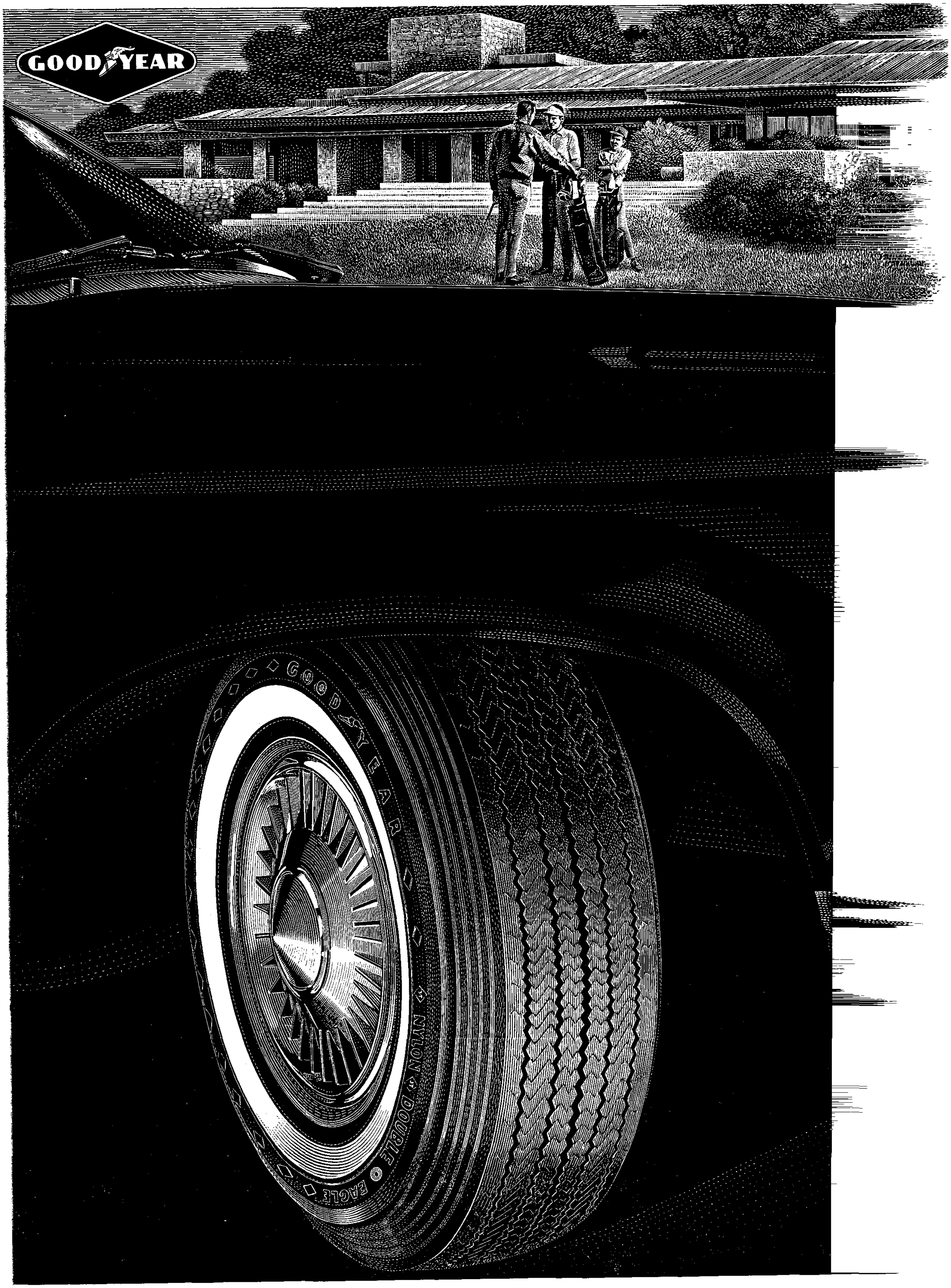
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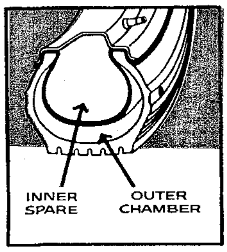

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(1) Verb People, who come to Vermont to ski, hike, golf, fish, buy, hunt, photograph, ride, view, breathe, collect, to *do* things.

(2) Noun People, whose interests lie quietly in names, nomenclature and numbers. ☛

This message is for the Noun People.

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Think of visiting the home towns of three American presidents: Chester Arthur, James Garfield and Calvin Coolidge.

Or visit Kipling's home, where he wrote the Jungle Books. ☛

Or ramble through the towns that gave the world such colorful characters as Princess Salm-Salm, Silver Dollar Tabor, Lord Lampson, and Pardon Jones–the misogynist who would never touch anything that had been handled by a woman. ☛

Or maybe you'd rather sit in at Rudolf Serkin's famous chamber music festival, attend our many summer theatres and art events, or add the names of Vermont's great eating establishments to your collection.

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(*Our* name, by the way, is "Vermont Department of Development", Montpelier 38, Vt. Also "Vermont Information Center"—1268 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y.C., CO 5-1450. What's yours?)

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tor in the preservation of the species. The other may prove to be its doom.

The willingness of most Americans to spare the American elm is only partly a tribute to their finer sensibilities. It is largely a measure of their practicality. Other handsome trees—white oak, black walnut, sugar maple—are felled without a qualm. Although many elms are deliberately spared, many more are simply ignored. As wood, the American elm is among the least esteemed of American forest trees. In 1952, the most recent year of record, the national cut of saw timber totalled nearly sixty billion board feet. Elms—all species of elm—accounted for hardly one per cent of that total. (There are indications that the demand for elm has somewhat increased since 1952. This increase, however, has no qualitative significance. It merely reflects a shortening supply of more satisfactory timber.) To the lumberman's pragmatic eye, the elm has always been little better than a weed. It is not hard to understand why. Its imperfections approach the encyclopedic. "We smile with understanding when we read that the first settlers spared the elms when they razed all other trees," C. A. Sheffield, an Iowa countryman, observed in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*. "They are the most useless piece of vegetation in our forests. They can't be used for firewood because they can't be split. The wood can't be burned because it is full of water. It can't be used for posts because it rots in a short time. It can be sawed into lumber, but it warps and twists into corkscrews and gives the building where it is used an unpleasant odor for years." Mr. Sheffield breaks off too soon. He could easily have enlarged his complaint. Elm wood shrinks immoderately in seasoning. It is difficult to work. It is knotty, and its knots are large and unsightly. It holds paint poorly, and although it takes a stain well enough, it will not ordinarily take a polish. An exception is the wood of goitrous excrescences called burls that sometimes form on old or pollarded trees. Burl elm is lustrous and often richly figured. In general, however, no amount of rubbing will give elm wood an acceptable cabinet finish. Instead of mellowing, it turns a raw and chalky white. Of some twenty qualities that the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture lists as commercially desirable in wood, just four are characteristic of the elm. It is free from pitch, it holds nails well, it can be bent to shape without breaking or splitting, and (because of the wiry in-

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terlocking fibres that render it all but impossible to split) it is extremely tough. Its toughness once commended it to wheelwrights as the ideal wood for wagon hubs. (The Deacon in Oliver Wendell Holmes' popular poem fitted his wonderful one-hoss shay with hubs of elm.) It is now chiefly used for crates, fruit and vegetable baskets, and chopping bowls, and, when elm burls can be found, as furniture veneer.

The lumberman is not alone in his low opinion of the American elm. It is shared by the plant pathologist. The elm is not as robust as it looks. Its monumental beauty conceals the sickliest constitution of any American tree. Old elms need constant cabling and bracing to withstand the gales of winter, and those of every age are endlessly harried by insects and disease. Nearly all leaf-eating insects, including some of the most multitudinous (the Japanese beetle, the tent caterpillar, the larvae of the gypsy moth, the tussock moth, the four-horned sphinx moth, and the fall and spring cankerworms), are galvanically attracted to the elm. It even has a parasitic insect all its own. This is the doubly damaging plant louse *Colopha ulmicola*. *Colopha ulmicola* both riddles the leaves and scars them with ugly cockscomb galls. The elm is also frequently visited by the bark borer *Saperda tridentata*, whose cast-iron stomach can digest most known insecticides. The diseases to which the elm is prone are equally numerous and, for the most part, more destructive. They include a bacterial infection (wet wood of elm), two virus infections (elm mosaic and elm phloem necrosis), and four infections caused by pathogenic fungi (black leaf spot, Dothiorella wilt, Verticillium wilt, and the Dutch elm disease). Wet wood of elm (a toxic sap condition), elm mosaic (a defoliating blight), and black leaf spot are generally more debilitating than dangerous. They can also generally be controlled by chemical sprays and dusts. So, to some extent, can Dothiorella wilt (a creeping blight of leaf and twig), and as for the Verticillium fungus infection, though it is often fatal and impossible to control, it is, providentially, relatively rare. Phloem necrosis is transmitted by the leaf hopper *Scaphoideus luteolus*. The virus enters the tree through leaf punctures made by the grazing hopper and at once proliferates throughout the conductive tissue. Its teeming presence there rapidly disorganizes the passage of elaborated food materials from the leaves down the stem to the roots. A

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tree stricken with phloem necrosis is beyond salvation. It dies in a matter of weeks. About the best that can be said for phloem necrosis is that its spread is less rapid than its course. The disease was first noted in 1905 in Ohio, and it is still largely confined to that state and certain of its neighbors—Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. There is nothing to be said for the Dutch elm disease. It is a deadly disease, an uncontrollable disease, and a disease of explosive spread. In less than a generation, it has established itself throughout most of the range of the elm.

THE Dutch elm disease is not a product of Holland. Most investigators are inclined to believe that it is of Oriental origin. Their belief is based on the fact that the principal Asiatic species—the Chinese elm (*Ulmus parvifolia*) and the Siberian elm (*Ulmus pumila*)—are, alone among the many elms, highly resistant to the disease. Such resistance can be acquired only through centuries of exposure and adaptation. The disease derives its name from two wholly fortuitous circumstances. One of these is that it made its first recorded appearance in Holland. The other is that its first recorded victims there were the native Dutch elm (*Ulmus hollandica* Mill). That was in the summer of 1919. The look of the earliest victims—characteristically riddled with dying leaves or already denuded and dead—and the memory of the ghastly war just ended at once suggested that the trouble might be laid to lingering poison gases. If so, it soon would pass. This reassuring notion, though somewhat shaken by the knowledge that only elms were so afflicted, was maintained for a year or more. The truth then began to emerge. A plant pathologist at the University of Utrecht named Dina Spierenburg is usually celebrated as the first to sense its nature. In 1921, in a study published in the journal *Tijdschrift over Plantenziekten*, she defined the trouble as a fungus infection of the water-conducting vessels, and suggested that the large European elm-bark beetle *Scolytus scolytus* was responsible for its spread from tree to tree. The following year, Marie Schwarz, a graduate student at Utrecht, identified the fungus as a species new to science. By the end of the decade, largely through the work of Christine Buisman, another Utrecht investigator, the illumination of the disease was very largely complete. She supplied proof that the fungus (now known as *Ceratocystis ulmi*) develops

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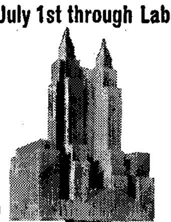

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in living trees as a parasite but can exist and reproduce in dead elm wood as a saprophyte. She confirmed the role of *Scolytus scolytus* in the spread of the disease, and added, as an even more important carrier, the small European elm-bark beetle *Scolytus multistriatus*. She demonstrated that while these beetles feed on living elms, they choose to breed beneath the bark of dead or dying or damaged trees, and that it is there they encounter *Ceratocystis ulmi*. When they emerge to feed, she showed, the fungus clings to their bodies and is conveyed by them to neighboring trees (bark beetles have a flight range of several hundred yards) and inadvertently deposited in the living tree. And the proliferating cycle of death continues. It was also clear by the end of the decade that the eponymic association of the disease with Holland no longer had any meaning. Within a year of the pioneer Spierenburg study, the blight was discovered in Belgium and in most of northern France. It was found in Germany in 1924. Two years later, it crossed the Channel to England. By 1928, it had spread through the whole of France (where its ravages included the destruction of a majestic avenue of elms at Versailles) and into Austria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Poland. It reached Switzerland and Italy and Rumania in 1929. In 1930, it reached the United States.

By a coincidence more morbid than meaningful, the Dutch elm disease, like elm phloem necrosis, first appeared in Ohio. Its earliest known victims were five American elms—four in Cleveland and one in Cincinnati. The diagnosis was made toward the middle of June, by Curtis May, a principal pathologist in the Division of Forest Pathology of the United States Department of Agriculture who was assigned to the Department's Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, at Wooster, and it was he who led the promptly ensuing epidemiological inquiry. His findings were not imposing. They merely confirmed the expected. Innumerable Ohio elms were crawling with *Scolytus multistriatus*, and fungus samples isolated from the afflicted trees were demonstrably *Ceratocystis ulmi*. The origin of the outbreak was wholly obscure. "We have no way at present of knowing where the disease came from," May reported at the annual meeting of the National Shade Tree Conference, in August, 1930. "There has been no common source of infection that we can find. We can't trace it to a nursery. We can't trace it

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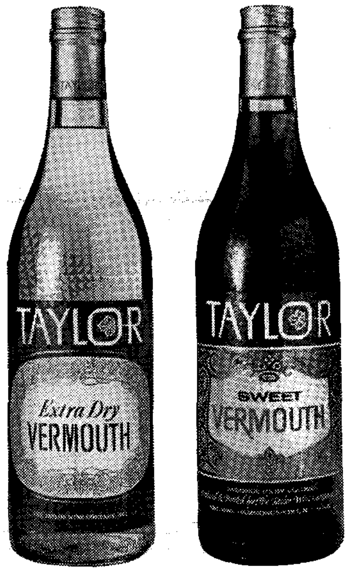

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to imported stock." He then took up the matter of control. "Our plan is to destroy diseased trees as soon as we find them," he said. That, he noted, was the accepted procedure in Europe, and where it had been applied with vigor the results were highly encouraging. "It may be possible that we can eradicate the trouble here if it is confined to only those local centers of infection," he added. "I am not yet ready to hang crêpe on the American elm."

The next two years provided May with little reason to revise his 1930 report. Four newly infected trees turned up in 1931. All, however, were found in Cleveland. The following year, no new cases were reported anywhere. May's hope that the outbreak might yield to control thus continued undiminished. But so, on the other hand, did his utter ignorance of its origin. Then they both suddenly vanished. Hope was the first to go. In the spring of 1933, the disease turned up in New Jersey. It was first discovered in a municipal park at Maplewood, some six miles west of Newark. The initial report, which May, as the Division of Forest Pathology's leading authority on the subject, was among the first to see, listed twenty-five afflicted trees, all American elms. In a matter of weeks, the disease had spread (or been found) throughout northeastern New Jersey. There were cases in Paterson, in Morristown, in Newark and the Oranges, in Jersey City, in Elizabeth, and as far south as Bound Brook. It then appeared on Staten Island, in Brooklyn, and in southern Westchester County. By the end of June, it had ceased to be considered just an outbreak. It was a full-scale epidemic. It was also recognized as one whose investigation required the considerable laboratory facilities and the experienced personnel that only the Division of Forest Pathology could then provide. Accordingly, a few weeks later a Division field station and mycology laboratory were established at Morristown, the approximate center of the most serious infection, and May was summoned from Ohio to direct their operation. He arrived just in time to receive a second summons. It reached him by telephone from Washington on August 8th. A discovery had been made at Baltimore that demanded his immediate attention. Its author was L. M. Scott, chief inspector of the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine at the Port of Baltimore. On August 7th, while examining a shipment of ten elm-burl logs en route from France to

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a veneer-manufacturing plant in Kentucky, Scott had come across a beetle of a kind that was new to him. A closer look revealed that most of the logs in the shipment were alive with such beetles. Scott sealed the shipment under an embargo and called for expert entomological advice. The beetles were identified as *Scolytus scolytus*. May was in Baltimore by nightfall. The following morning, in the company of a fellow plant pathologist named M. E. Fowler, he examined the embargoed logs. Most were scored with insect tunnels, and sample sections cut from these displayed the rusty-brown striations that are often characteristic of the Dutch elm disease. Several of the samples were then subjected to microscopic examination. The new cell tissue was choked with a fungus that vividly resembled (and, when patiently cultured, was found to be) *Ceratocystis ulmi*. May returned to Morristown with his remaining doubt resolved. It was no longer much of a mystery how the disease had crossed the Atlantic.

It was soon no mystery at all. The alerting discovery at Baltimore was followed almost at once by others, at other important ports. In the course of the next three weeks, six European elm-burl shipments, numbering more than fifty logs and consigned to manufacturers in four widely separate states—New York, Indiana, Virginia, and Tennessee—were intercepted by inspectors at New York City, Norfolk, and New Orleans. Each shipment yielded at least one viable colony of *Ceratocystis ulmi*, and all were conspicuously infested with *Scolytus scolytus*. One contained, in addition, a multitude of *Scolytus multistriatus*. "An effort was made to safeguard all logs intercepted," R. Kent Beattie, a Division of Forest Pathology investigator, noted in a leaden September bulletin to the National Shade Tree Conference. "With the importers' consent, the logs at port were given the hot-water treatment to destroy the fungus. But, even though this treatment is effective on fungi, we can't protect the elms at the port cities from escaping carrier beetles during the unloading of logs. At Norfolk, for example, fifty beetles were collected while escaping from one lot of four logs." (A more graphic example was subsequently reported by two Connecticut investigators. "In both cases," they noted, in describing a new pocket of infection, "the infected trees were not far from roads over which imported logs had been carted. In one, the trees also grew near a veneer factory.") Some safeguard less porous than boiling

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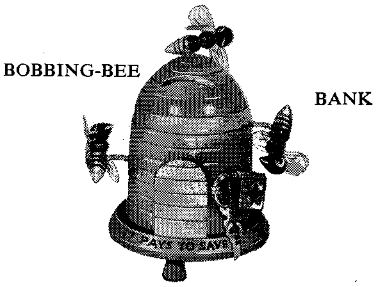

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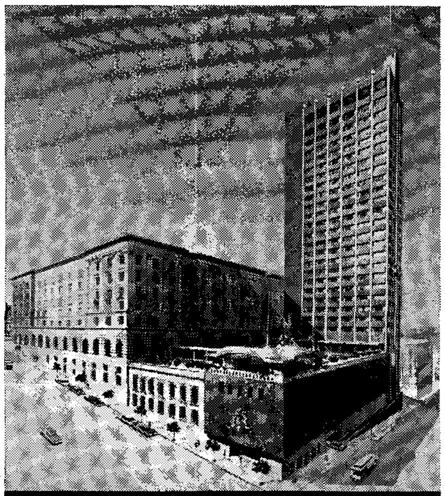
water was clearly imperative, and the obvious one was soon erected. On October 23rd, the United States Department of Agriculture ordered a temporary embargo on the importation of elms or elm wood from Europe. (This prohibition became permanent on January 1, 1935, and later that year it was extended to embrace the interstate transportation of elm stock or unprocessed elm wood.) The door was thus effectively closed.

But not quite soon enough. Beattie's report included a review of the 1933 epidemic. In New Jersey alone, the number of infected trees discovered, definitely diagnosed, and prophylactically destroyed totalled seven hundred and sixty-two. The total for New York (Staten Island, Brooklyn, western Long Island, and southern Westchester County) was eighty-three. In addition, three new cases had been discovered outside the epidemic area. One of these was found in Cleveland and another near Greenwich, Connecticut. The third turned up, significantly, in Baltimore, not far from the waterfront. In 1934, the total climbed to almost seven thousand. Again, most of the new victims were found in New York and New Jersey. Around a dozen, however, were found in Connecticut. One was found in Norfolk. And four were found in Indianapolis. This unsettling revelation was followed the next year by another, even more unsettling. C. W. Collins, a government field entomologist, announced that *Scolytus scolytus* and *Scolytus multistriatus* were no longer solely responsible for the dissemination of *Ceratocystis ulmi.* They had been joined by the native American elm-bark beetle *Hylurgopinus rufipes.* The impact of this union was clearly visible in a retrospective report that appeared in the *Plant Disease Reporter* in 1936. "Since 1933, when the United States Department of Agriculture started its campaign to save the American elm from extinction," it noted, "the crews have marked for destruction 1,470,680 trees. Of these, 1,064,707 trees have been removed. [Spot] laboratory tests confirmed the presence of the infection in 20,808 trees." Three years later, in 1939, the cumulative total of confirmed cases had increased to some twenty-eight thousand. At the end of 1941, it was upward of sixty thousand. The investigation was then halted for the duration of the war. When it was resumed, in 1946, the disease was epidemically ablaze in a dozen states—New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia,



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Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, and Colorado—and the number of its victims was almost beyond computation. By 1953, it had spread to eight more states—Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Delaware, Illinois, Missouri, and Michigan. A year or two later, its sweep was all but complete throughout the range of the elm. To May, among others, the implication was only too plain. "There is no hope now that the disease can ever be eradicated," he told the National Shade Tree Conference. It was equally plain to the poet Douglas Gibson. In 1960, in an elegy that appeared in the *Times*, he wrote, in part:

I saw the white chalk cross
That marked the ancient elms soon to be
  slain;
No more to spread their green wings to
  the sky. . . .
Yet still death cannot break
The memory I take,
Nor dim the dreams I found in their sweet
  song.

THE American elm is not yet wholly a memory. Innumerable elms still flourish in even the most cruelly infested states. And not altogether by chance. For the Dutch elm disease, though essentially uncontrollable, is not yet out of control. Its headlong spread can be, with an effort, impeded. It has been in many towns and cities. Syracuse, New York, is one of these. The disease made its first appearance there (amid a wealth of some three hundred thousand American elms) in 1951. It claimed one tree that year. The following year, it took seven. In 1953, the number of newly infested elms increased to thirty. The total in 1954 was four hundred and twenty-five. By the end of 1957, the annual loss had grown to nearly two thousand. In that year, largely at the insistence of civic groups and homeowners' organizations, an intensive municipal conservation program was undertaken. Its effectiveness was promptly and plainly apparent. In 1958, the number of new cases dropped below a thousand. The next year, it dropped to around eight hundred. In 1960, it dropped to five hundred and thirty.

The essence of the program that achieved this striking reversal has been described by its chief architect—Howard C. Miller, professor of entomology at the State University College of Forestry—as meticulous sanitation. "In the past," he says, "control was pretty much limited to the removal of fatally stricken trees. The old program also lacked teeth. The city could merely advise a private owner to remove an

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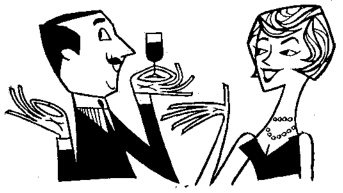

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4 teaspoons paprika

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infected tree. Moreover, the owner had to do it at his own expense. A new state law now gives the city the right of condemnation, and the city pays the bill. But the new program goes further than that. It includes the removal and destruction of *any* elm whose condition makes it a potential breeding place for carrier beetles. That means storm-damaged trees, sickly trees, old trees with dead and dying branches—even cut elm wood, if the bark is still adhering. (Incidentally, the disease has often been spread unwittingly by firewood scavengers who trail after sanitation crews; needless to say, they are doubly wrong, for elm makes very poor fuel.) Our aim is to suppress the beetle. Or, rather, next year's beetle. Fewer breeding places, we think, mean less breeding, and a smaller beetle population. The beetle is, of course, the primary target in all control programs. Some beetle programs make a liberal use of DDT. The trees are sprayed in early spring to destroy the new generation of beetles as it emerges from under the bark. We use DDT dormant sprays very seldom, and then only on individual trees of high value on private property. Our municipal elms are never treated with dormant DDT sprays. Spraying is sometimes effective—moderately effective as a sanitation supplement. It's quite expensive, though. And not only in terms of money. There are other factors to be taken into consideration. Earthworms are known to concentrate DDT in their fatty tissues. They are then toxic to the many songbirds that habitually feed on them. That's just one example. We feel, all things considered, that a strict sanitation program is the best that can be done at the moment. Such programs cost money, too. Surveillance is expensive. So is removal—a hundred dollars or more a tree. So is replacement. All municipal elms are replaced—individuals can do as they please—but, naturally, not with American elms. We usually substitute a sycamore or a Norway maple. Elms are almost never planted anywhere any more. Some cities even prohibit it by ordinance. As I say, our program costs money. But no program at all would cost more. Just think of the cost of merely removing three hundred thousand trees! We have no illusions about our program. We don't expect it to save our elms. It isn't, in the real meaning of the word, control. It's more of a rear-guard action. But we do expect it to preserve them—most of them—for a good many years to come."

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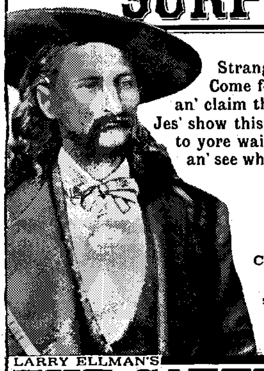

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today are probably the last of their kind. It is difficult to doubt that when they die the species will die with them. Any belief, at the moment, in its eventual salvation is composed entirely of hope. It is possible that some means of destroying *Ceratocystis ulmi* in the living tree may be someday developed. But no such chemotherapeutic weapon—specific antibiotic or anti-fungus systemic—is now known, or even in envisionable prospect. It is also possible that research in the complex field of graft-crossing and artificial hybridization may produce a resistant strain of the American elm; a moderately resistant European elm hybrid (named for Christine Buisman) has been created in Holland. It may even, in fact, be likely. For apparently resistant American elms are occasionally encountered in nature. There is, however, little reason to believe that an elm resistant to the Dutch elm disease would also be resistant to elm phloem necrosis. Indeed, there is practically none at all.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Kansas City (Mo.) Star*]

Mrs. Raymond E. Teall quite plainly had a full measure of luck a week ago today.

Last Sunday was Dr. Teall's birthday—one he shares each year with his good friend, Dr. Claude J. Hunt. This year, Mrs. Teall planned their joint birthday dinner as her surprise to the two doctors.

In recent weeks the space age has been much with her, and when she sat down at her desk to write out invitations to the dinner party, she couldn't shake the idea of giving a space party.

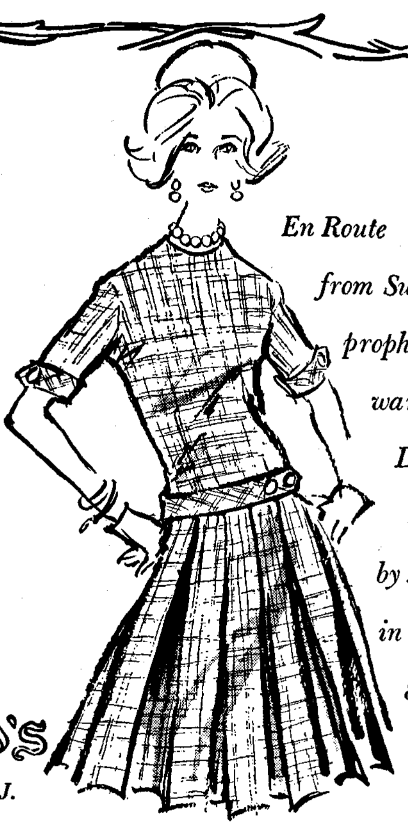
On the invitations she sent out to about 40 friends, she scrawled homemade rhymes and puns as they popped into her head—"For Down to Earth Folk, The Door is Ajar." And "Let the Russians Stay in Space, Then We Can Stop our Race."

The first of Mrs. Teall's coincidences came Friday when Maj. Alan Shepard's flight into space took place, and the hostess began figuring that her space party was well timed.

On Sunday, Mrs. Teall's guests gathered in the private dining room and the card room of Mission Hills Country club before dinner. There she had arranged, in silver wine coolers, bouquets of flamingo carnations. And there, too, the folding doors leading into the club's dining rooms had been dubbed air raid shelters.

Dr. Teall had brought to the party the whistle he used in the days when he hunted with bird dogs. On cue from his wife, he moved over to the "air raid shelter" doors as she began walking among her guests asking them to come to dinner by telling them—"Alert Is Sounding, Go To Shelter."

As the Tealls began their routine, the tornado sirens on building and cars around the club let loose with a mighty blast.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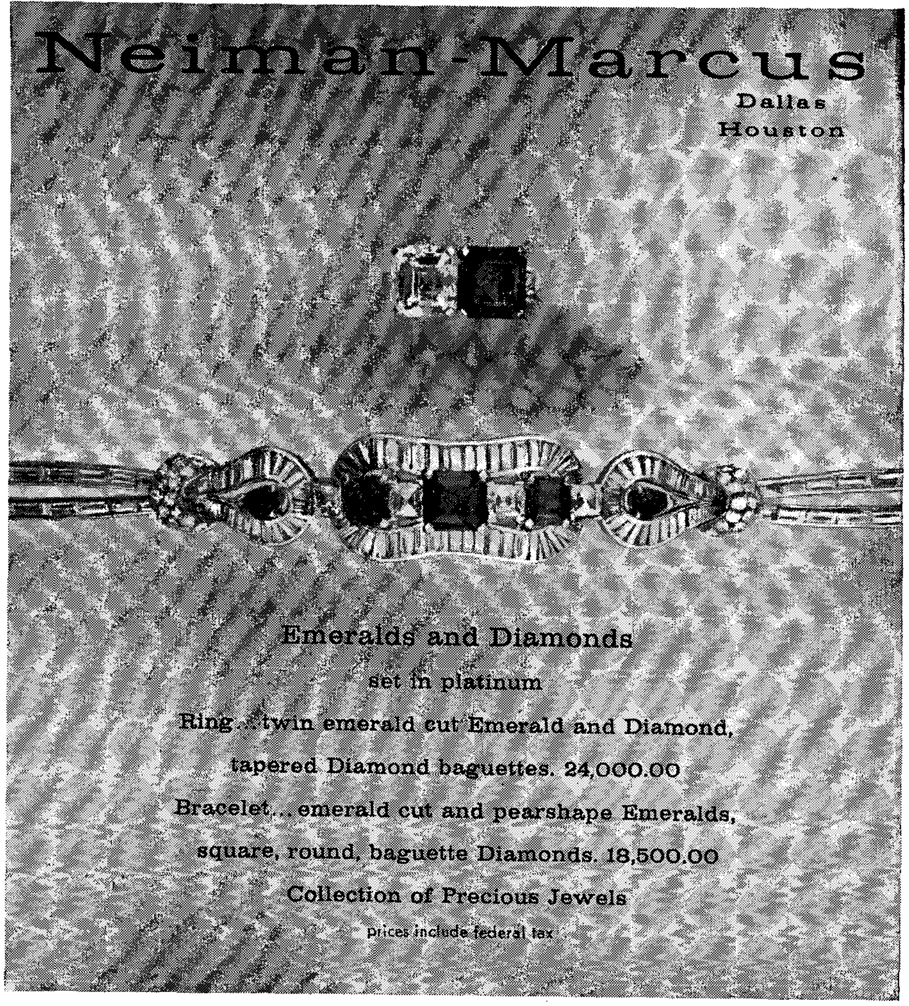
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Tears and Fears

"GOODBYE AGAIN" boasts three famous stars (Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand, and Anthony Perkins), a famous producer and director (Anatole Litvak), and a famous screenwriter (Samuel Taylor), and is based on a novel by a famous writer (Françoise Sagan), and I'm sorry to say that the result of putting all those famous heads together is just another soppy drama of upper-middle-class amatory woes, which not even Miss Bergman's Dior gowns and Van Cleef & Arpels jewelry can do much to redeem. The scene is Paris, but all that Paris has to do with the picture is to make it endurable by providing us with pretty backgrounds; the story could just as well have been set in Pittsburgh or Passamaquoddy. By this I mean to indicate not that "Goodbye Again" is a movie packed with universal truths but only that it is an *opéra savonneux* calculated to flutter the hearts and prompt the bittersweet tears of middle-aged women the world over. I must say I'm a little perplexed by Mr. Taylor's having produced something so false while remaining at least superficially so faithful to the novel—"Aimez-Vous Brahms?"—on which his screenplay is based. Mlle. Sagan isn't ordinarily thought of as taking an invincibly bourgeois view of the battle between the sexes, but perhaps at bottom she does, and perhaps film gives her away as the printed page doesn't. Not that the battle depicted here amounts to much; the struggles of the protagonists consist largely of sighs, sidelong glances, and muffled sobs, both male and female, and in the Sixteenth Arrondissement, as, I daresay, on Park Avenue, it appears that a man in the grip of jealous rage reveals it not by slugging the woman who has induced this base emotion but by stopping his car a few feet out from the curb and making the lady open the car door herself and cross the sidewalk to her door alone—a lachrymose but not very thrilling Thermopylae.

Miss Bergman plays a woman of a certain age, still beautiful but beginning to fear the loss of her beauty. Yves Montand, her lover of five years' standing, is also of a certain age, but you know how men are; their looks last and last. The lover is unwilling to marry

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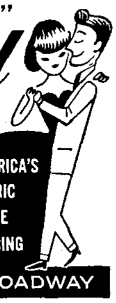

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his mistress, both because he cherishes his so-called freedom and because he likes chasing other girls. Along comes a rich young American, played by Anthony Perkins. *He* wants *love*, not mere sexual conquest, and Miss Bergman bowls him over. Shall she abandon her lover in favor of this callow youth? Dare she risk becoming a laughingstock for the boy's sake—he who needs so much, she who has so much to give? If she consents to grant this tender favor, will she then be swept back into her lover's arms by her own very great needs? If so, will her lover consent to marry her? And if he marries her, will he give up his incessant womanizing? Tune in on this picture as long as I did and you will learn that the answers to the above questions are, respectively, yes, yes, yes, yes, and no.

Let me add that Miss Bergman and Mr. Montand accept their assignments with courage (though Mr. Litvak should never have provided so many shots of Miss Bergman walking away from the camera—she is not at her best walking), and that Mr. Perkins' callowness isn't always, I fear, the product of an art that conceals art.

POOR Gary Cooper's last film, "The Naked Edge," is laid in London and never manages to assume so much as a sitting position. A thriller in which, for a wonder, Cooper himself is suspected of having committed a dastardly murder, it consists of a wholly synthetic piling up of the palest pink herrings. The qualities that made Cooper a great star had little to do with acting, and since he must have been very uncomfortable in this absurd and unpleasant role, he leaves the make-believe largely to Deborah Kerr, as his distracted wife, and Eric Portman, as a loony ex-barrister. They try to fill the screen by widening their eyes and showing a good deal of tooth, but these stratagems do not suffice. Nobody is allowed to enter the theatre during the last thirteen minutes of the picture, and quite a few people may decide not to remain in the theatre during its first eighty-six minutes.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Once every month Joseph Self, an investment analyst by profession, takes a jet fighter plane up to 40,000 feet and from that height looks down on Wall St., "in a larger perspective."

"From there you can see the relationship of things," he said yesterday, "and on clear nights you can see Philadelphia."

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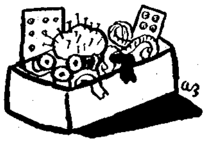
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



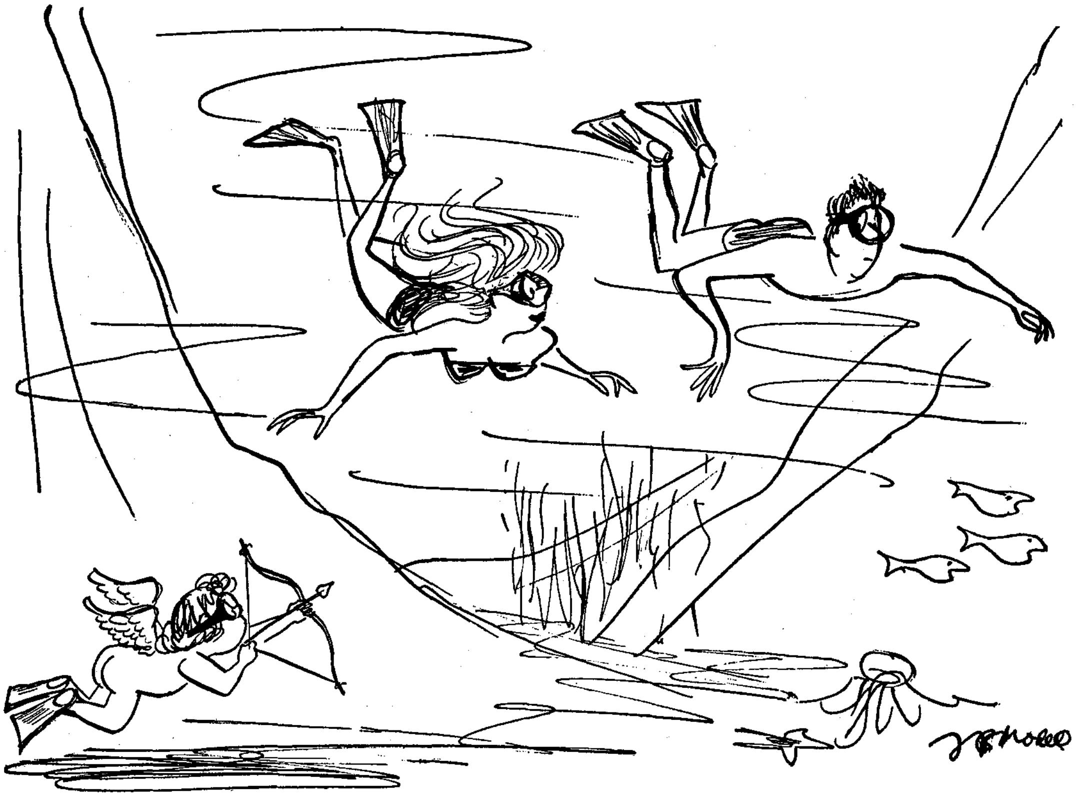
PROTECTIVE coloration was an idea first taken up by Nature as a means of preserving certain fauna. Later on, Robin Hood got hold of the notion, and you could hardly tell him from the forest as he and his band of—well, green hands roamed it. Robert Leader gets into the act because he has a couple of shops—one at 146 East 54th Street and another at 782 Lexington Avenue (61st)—in which protective coloration for the female of the species has been brought to a point at which it begins to take on implications of a cheerful sort of aggression; as you walk past his show windows, your eye is impaled by hues that stare out at you with the speculative eyes of famished lions. Oh, yes, several of the straight and simple dresses (no collars, no sleeves) are of satin-striped cotton in nothing more rumbustious than black and white, but then you get lavender and green in the next one you come to, and this is stop, look, and (practically) listen in its effect. And so things go. Some of the shifts with high, round necks and pushup sleeves are, it is true, of safe-and-sane black silk seersucker, but others are of olive, lilac, or Shocking-pink seersucker, and short-sleeved dresses with high, round throats, natural waists, and (in the skirts) flat box pleats appear in pistachio-green cotton with emerald pin dots and vast pale-green daisies. Milder, though, is the linen or silk linen of some worldly two-piece dresses whose overblouses are slit from hip to waist on one side. The choice is yellow, emerald, Shocking pink, turquoise, and black. Dressier examples of the genre, in a variety of shantung prints, have overblouses that end in deep, pleated ruffles. Trapeze dresses of linen, with low, square necks and no sleeves or else with high, collarless necks and elbow sleeves, have welt seaming that forms a sort of umbrella ribbing all the way around, top to bottom; voluminous black evening chiffons billow out into sixteen-inch flounces at the hem. The chiffons can have baby-ribbon sashes, but Mr. L. likes them unbelted. None of these items are exorbitant; $45 to $95 is the plan.

ELAINE STARKMAN, who operates at 149 Bleecker Street, near West Broadway, has well-behaved suits that are both town and country. Natural or black cotton shantung takes care of the cardigan jackets that fasten with white pearl buttons; these are lined with white batiste on which pastel poppies are printed. Or there are jackets with the blossoms (olive, sage, and avocado-colored zinnias) on the outside; in this case, white duck and no fastenings. The slender skirts are of sage duck, and $29.50 and $35 are the respective prices for the suits.

HANLAN, down at 51 Greenwich Avenue, seems to have set up in a low-rent area, for nothing that ensues in this paragraph is as much as $20. And you'll know you're in the Village when you look: décolleté coveralls of Dacron-and-cotton in French blue, beige, or white as well as in sailcloth with several lively print patterns; bell-bottom trousers that can be fastened tight at the ankles, of white, shrimp, gold, lemon, or blue duck; hot-weather dresses of Dacron batiste in floral prints; drawstring-at-the-waist dresses of Pima cotton surah on which small or splashy but muted Paisley or mosaic designs are printed; beach sacks of crewelwork (not for wet things) on which brilliant flowers and birds appear. Warning: The place celebrates Wednesdays by staying shut.

TOMAS, at 609 Madison Avenue (58th), does separates of a Jacquard cotton that brings to mind Victorian bedspreads; solid orange, emerald, hot pink, gold, cobalt blue, and black is the range. Among them are flared thigh-length jackets with stand-away necks, three-quarter sleeves, and deep slits at the sides, not to mention tapered slacks, Jamaica shorts, and sleeveless short pullovers with white drawstrings at the throat that continue into shoulder straps. The top price is $9.95.

PHOENIX-PAN AMERICAN IMPORTS, at 793 Lexington Avenue (61st), is loaded with Mexican trappings. The most arresting are one-of-a-kind street-length ponchos that could be pulled over bathing suits. Some are of natural cotton outlined with blue-and-red striped embroidery, and the multicolored braided yarn at the base of the V necks makes long, droopy fringe. And if you must (the excuse could be a country party), you can add a tribal wig of black yarn; the United States, clearly, didn't invent



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everything. Tapered slacks are of schizoid cotton—the right leg is Shocking pink in front and raspberry behind; the left leg reverses the color scheme. Tailored shorts have double-decker pockets—a slit for one, a patch pocket above it. Long skirts of lilac, purple, or black cotton, or cotton with broad stripes (orange, raspberry, brown, and red), are to be worn, if Phoenix has anything to say about it, with white batiste blouses on whose bosoms and choirboy sleeves there are vertical tucks. Last of all: short or long kimonos of narrowly striped orange, red, tan, and gold cotton.

FROM Mexico, too, comes Fred Leighton's (15 East 8th Street) shepherd's reversible rain cape, which fastens not only down the front but down the side slits from thigh to hem with small Mexican coins. The price is $55, in American coins. One side is solid-color and water-repellent cotton; the non-repellent reverse is print cotton. The color devices are green combined with a green, brown, and white cotton plaid, and turquoise blue combined with beige on which brown-and-white-striped fish are visible.

MEXICAN, likewise, are the rebozos that Chequer, at 816 Third Avenue (50th), has converted into grandiloquent beach coats striped in red, blue, or sepia on a natural ground (the fabric is cotton), to which latticework fringe is appended at the bottom.

WE arrive now at three establishments in which extreme youth will be served. The first of these is Bergdorf Goodman, whose boys-and-girls floor has just brought over a bundle of excellent cotton knits from Israel. For brothers and sisters at the toddle stage there are shorts of red ribbed knit, gored skirts of the same knit, and red-and-gray striped knit pullovers; $6 and $7 a set, respectively. Double-breasted jackets and tapered, cuffed slacks of the red ribbing are an additional $4 apiece. Pebbly cotton knits in white or powder blue go into the making of cardigans, briefs, and short-sleeved pullovers for infants from six to eighteen months old; $6 for a trio. Surplice rompers add $3 to the check. Domestic siren suits of cotton suède cloth for the toddle group appear in red, green, blue, or brown. Visor caps or bonnets are included in the cost, which is $16.

THE GREEN FROG, at 13 Christopher Street, is the second children's haven. Little girls from the tod-

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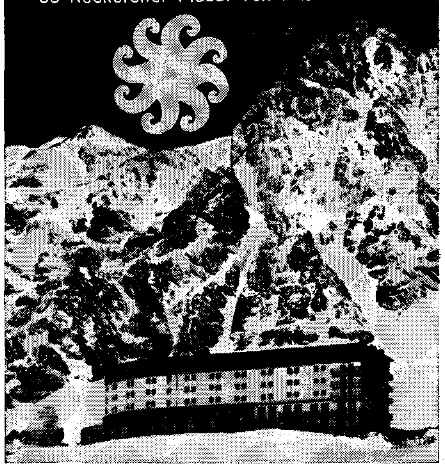

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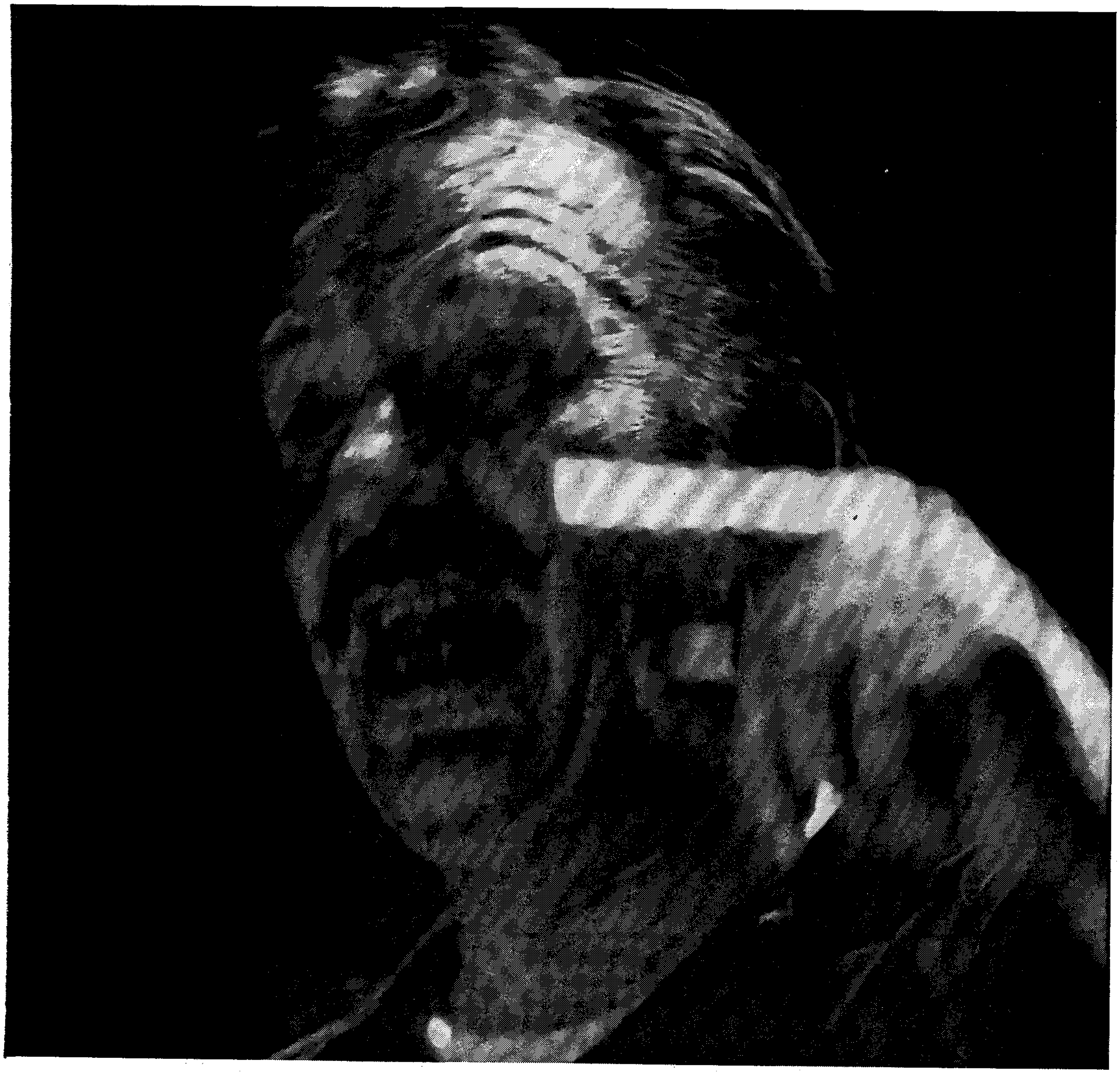
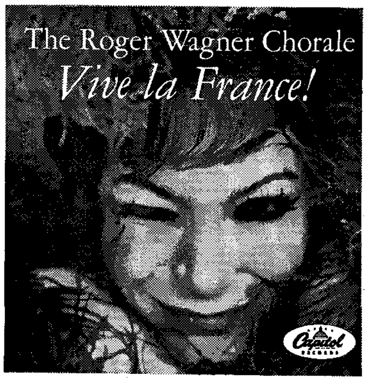


Man With 99 Voices. All French.



His name is Roger Wagner. His 99 voices are sopranos, altos, tenors, baritones, and basses. Perfectly balanced. Perfectly conducted. Perfectly great. They make up the world's leading choral group—The Roger Wagner Chorale. Their astonishing versatility ranges from magnificent Bach cantatas to rollicking sea chanties. This time they're singing in French. Fourteen delicious bon-bons like ALOUETTE, AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE, FRÈRE JACQUES, VIVE L'AMOUR, and PLAISIR D'AMOUR. The new album is fittingly called "Vive La France." Specially packaged with complete lyrics so you can chantez along. Delightful. 99 splendid voices. 100 including yours.

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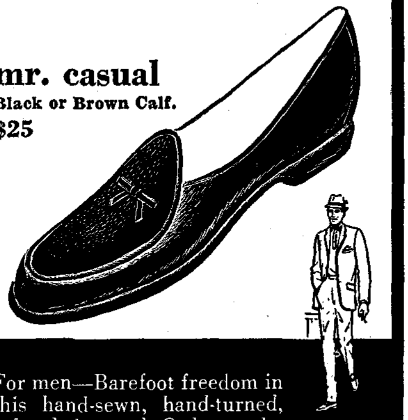

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dle age up through size 10 should, so they say here, be put into yellow or red calico dresses with elasticized necklines and puffed sleeves, for which the cost is less than $10, including bloomers and sunbonnets to match. Urbane dresses of dark cotton plaid with drawstring necks and ruffles at the wrists could serve as off-shoulder overblouses for Mama in the larger sizes, and there are out-and-out mother-and-daughter outfits, too—street-length smocks of white terry cloth on which miniature red, green, yellow, and blue hearts are scattered. These smocks, for after a swim or a shower, are $5.95, from toddle size through adult size 14. Like many other Villagers, this place takes odd siestas—Mondays.

THE ELDER CRAFTSMEN SHOP, at 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), is the third young-people shop. Its half-aprons, in an assortment of cheerful cotton prints, are for young ladies of four to eight. The pockets hold a bar of soap, five plastic clothespins, a plastic washboard, and a clothesline for their dolls' clothes—all for two bucks.

MARK CROSS has matching sets of reasonably lightweight luggage in red or charcoal spun rayon bound with black vinyl. The capacious satchels, lined with plastic, have adjustable loops for bottles and jars; the train cases, divided into two zippered compartments, will hold plastic bottles and jars and wet things (in pockets) on one side, and on the opposite side there is room for nightgown, slippers, and paperbacks; the shoe carriers, which have removable partitions, can double as overnight bags on short hauls. There are six sizes of suitcase, ranging from eighteen to thirty-two inches in length and weighing from three and a half to ten pounds. The adaptations of car sacks (to be hung in closets, not automobiles), at $109.45, are the most expensive item, and the shoe carriers, at $41.25, are the least expensive item; the prices include the federal tax. French-type purses of cobra skin in a plethora of colors have two change purses, one of which might do for makeup, and sections for things like calling cards. Advice to the forehanded: They could be splendid Christmas presents.

CEPELIA, which is at 5 East 57th Street, has acquired stacks of natural wicker hand- or beach bags from Poland. These are lined with plaid cotton; the tops and handles are of ginger pigskin. Among the gamut are small boxes,

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hatboxes, and fishing creels. The fat oval carryalls, the most costly of the lot, are $9.35, federal tax included.

THE sports sunglasses at the Meyrowitz shops could be worn anywhere, except maybe to a ball or a meeting of the Knights Templar. The long, curved lenses of hard resin, in green and something like amber, are sturdier than glass and almost weightless, and are supported across the top by a minute gold-filled bar that also makes the temple pieces. The price is $17.50. —M. M.

◆

MEN IN BUSKINS EDGED BY RAYTHEON

[*From the Detroit News*]

HOLLYWOOD, April 1—(AP)—Actress Myrna Fahey, one of the most beautiful of Hollywood's younger crop, says the electronics industry has it all over the movie colony as a source of romantic boy friends.

Myrna has dated actors but finds them "all mixed-up, usually in themselves." The only well-adjusted actors, she says, are happily married.

"But those boys in electronics. They treat a girl in person like Cary Grant does on the screen.

"I celebrated a birthday the other day, and a friend in electronics asked if he could buy me a birthday dinner. I agreed.

"Instead of showing up in a baggy sweater—as some actor dates have—he came in a big limousine with two gypsy fiddlers in the rear seat.

"Instead of driving to a restaurant, we drove to the airport. There was a chartered plane waiting. We piled in, fiddlers and all, and flew to Palm Springs for dinner at one of the best restaurants there.

"The fiddlers never stopped. Sometimes they played 'Happy Birthday' but mostly they played 'You're Too Beautiful.'

"We were home by midnight—the happiest birthday I've ever had. It's quite a thrill to sip champagne at 15,000 feet in a starry desert sky while being serenaded by gypsy fiddlers."

There's an added bonus. Myrna has been given some good tips in the stock market—all electronic issues.

"I'm taking my first trip to Europe this spring," she says, "on the dividends."

◆

In the tables, the term "housing unit" is used in place of the former "housing unit," in order to conform to the present practice of the Census Bureau. As used in this report, "housing unit" is comparable with "housing unit" as used in other tabulations of permit data. Although in the case of an existing structure there is some difference between a "housing unit" and a "housing unit" as defined for Census purposes, it is believed that in new construction the difference between a count of housing units and of housing units would be negligible.—*Construction Reports, March 1961, C40-21, issued by the Department of Commerce and the Bureau of the Census.*

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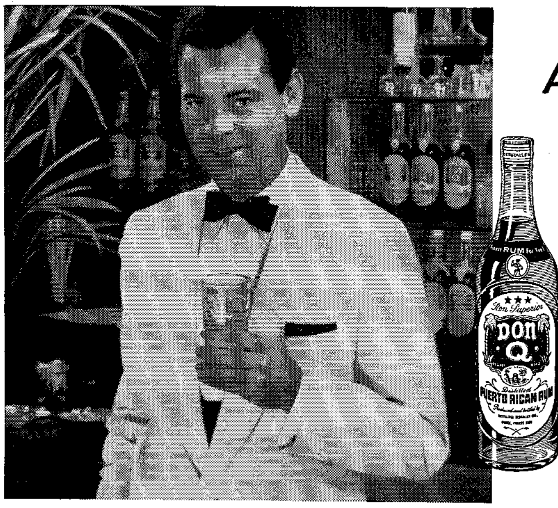

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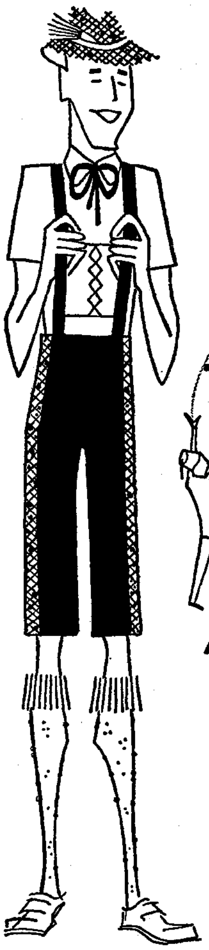

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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXVIII—OMAHA, NEB.

ALT., 1,040. Pop., 301,598. Steaks mean a great deal to the people of Omaha. The people of Omaha not only hold them in considerable esteem but feel a deep and abiding affection for them. "Man and boy, rare, medium rare, medium, medium well, and well done, I have always loved a good steak," a long-time Omaha resident said the other day, his voice breaking. When an Omaha man (or boy) speaks of a steak, one expects him to pull from his pocket a series of treasured snapshots of steaks. Omaha is crowded with steakhouses, and the steakhouses are crowded with steaks. The steakhouses are crowded with natives, too, a good many of them distressed and perplexed, and often wounded in spirit, by the ordeal of ordering a steak. They have no trouble eating the steak, but they have never become reconciled to the ordeal of ordering it. The problem is one of terminology. Sometime during lunch, the average Omaha citizen will begin to think about the steak he is going to eat for dinner. Business worries, small irritations, jingling telephones—all these are sloughed off or submerged as he contemplates the vision of the steak that awaits him at the close of day. When the great moment finally arrives and he is seated in the steakhouse of his choice, the ritual begins. In a steakhouse, salad is served as a first course, and the waitress (waitresses outnumber waiters in the steakhouses of Omaha) must start out by determining what type of dressing he would like—Thousand Island, Roquefort, or Italian (a euphemism for a dressing that contains an ingredient unmentionable in the Middle West; namely, garlic). Then, and only then, is it time to order the steak itself.

"And what kind of a steak will it be tonight?" asks the waitress.

The Omaha customer falls into the trap every time. "An Omaha steak," he says.

"You mean a Kansas City sirloin?" asks the waitress.

"No, an Omaha steak," says the customer, but the fight has already gone out of him.

"How about a nice strip sirloin, New York cut?" asks the waitress.

"I want an Omaha steak," says the customer.

"There just isn't any steak by that name," says the waitress. And there isn't.

The customer settles for a steak labelled something other than Omaha, but he has come close to snapping. "We know deep in our hearts that an Omaha steak is the Rolls-Royce of steaks, but try and find one," an Omaha steak addict recently remarked. "I've got nothing against a Kansas City sirloin, you understand, but it annoys me to think that Kansas City has something we don't have. Kansas City *always* seems to have something we don't have. As for a New York cut, I don't know what that is, really, and I don't care. I want an Omaha steak!" It's an unsettling situation.

Omaha bills itself as the World's Largest Livestock Market and Meat-Packing Center. Statistically, this is a fact. Omaha residents see no particular reason to keep the fact a secret, but the moment they pass the information along to the uninitiated they run into a dispiriting wall of skepticism. The situation, like that of the Omaha steaks, is enough to make a strong man weep. An Omaha livestock and meat-packing enthusiast—and the term is applicable to most of the literate population—is an encyclopedia of statistics: number of hogs slaughtered, number of sheep slaughtered, number of cattle slaughtered, total receipts of livestock on the hoof. These statistics trip off the tongue, and are generally greeted with some such remark from strangers as "What about Chicago?" or "Always thought Chicago had the largest stockyards" or "Isn't Chicago 'hog butcher for the world'?" "It's a kind of cultural lag," an Omaha man who works with hogs, and whose father before him worked with hogs, said not long ago. "Nothing much you can do except sit around and wait for the truth to catch up with the people." Actually, Chicago is fourth in livestock "receipts," with South St. Paul, Minn., and Sioux City, Ia., second and third.

The Omaha Union Stockyards are models of gracious living quarters—more than a hundred acres of pens and buildings dedicated to making the last days of a sheep or steer or hog relaxed and comfortable. "We try to make the animals as happy as possible during their brief stay with us," one stockyard executive has said. "Really, we go about as far as we can go. We run a sort of hotel, you know, with nothing but quality food and plenty of it, and we are fanatical, almost, about keeping the stalls clean. The vast majority of our guests, of course, never get back for a return visit." The man was unable to continue speaking, and it was clear that the image of an Omaha steak had taken possession of his mind. More than six million head of livestock passed through the yards last year. They hailed from twenty-eight states. On Sunday nights, when the largest shipments arrive, trucks loaded with livestock are backed up for miles. The traffic jam is a fierce one, and noisy. The vast majority of these doomed transients end up in one of the nineteen packing plants in Omaha itself (all four of the largest packers—Cudahy, Armour, Swift, and Wilson—have plants adjoining the yards), but more than a million head are snapped up in Omaha by buyers and sent along to cities in thirty-six states. And more than six hundred thousand head of "feeder" stock are sent along to buyers in twenty-one states and Canada. Travel is broadening.

OMAHA does not confine the comfort of its facilities to livestock. There are almost as many small hotels around town as there are steakhouses. They are cozy small hotels, and they are occupied, for the most part, by cattlemen. One of these cattlemen, stopping by a steakhouse, never makes the mistake of asking for an Omaha steak; he not only is satisfied with a Kansas City sirloin or a New York cut but generally orders a second one. Cattlemen cannot be distinguished from anybody else on the streets, however. "There is no cowboy theme on our streets," an Omaha man said recently. "No Western motif." Cattlemen have a habit of coming into town with their wives and dropping them off there. The cattlemen themselves waste little time in town. They head for the stockyards and find their pleasure in the yards proper (round the clock, hog calls fill the air), in the lobby of the Livestock Exchange Building, where livestock quotations are posted ("Trading moderate, active

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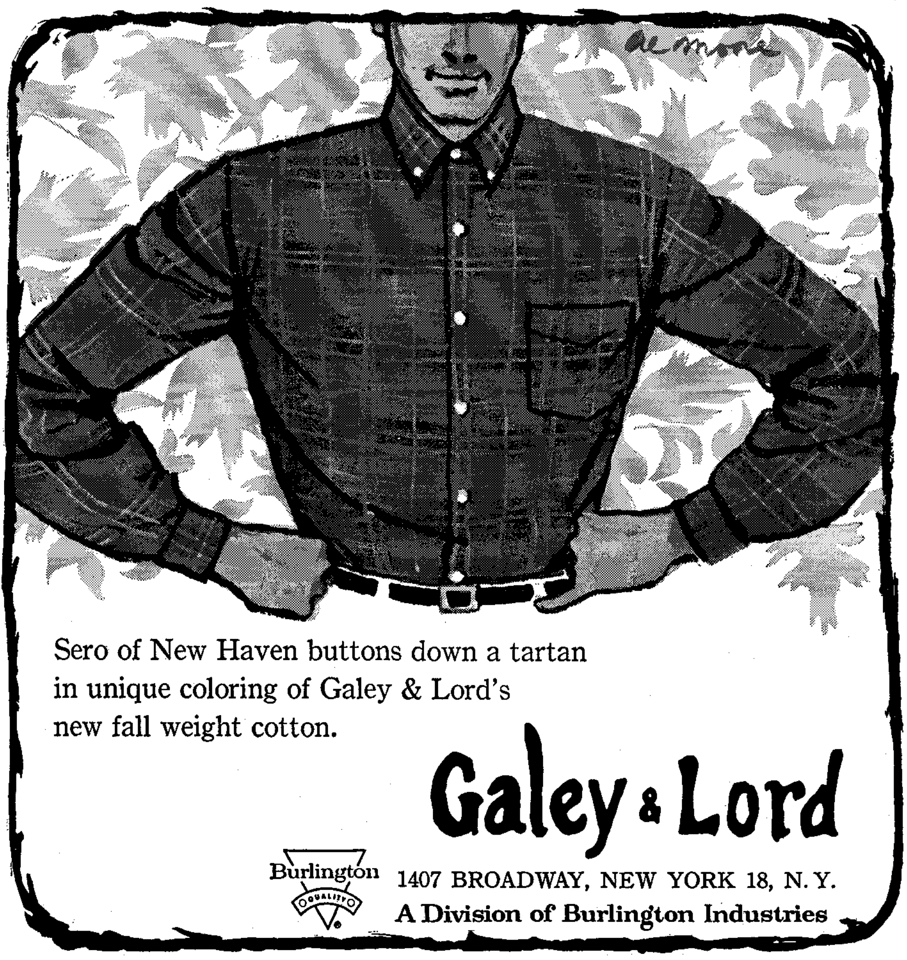
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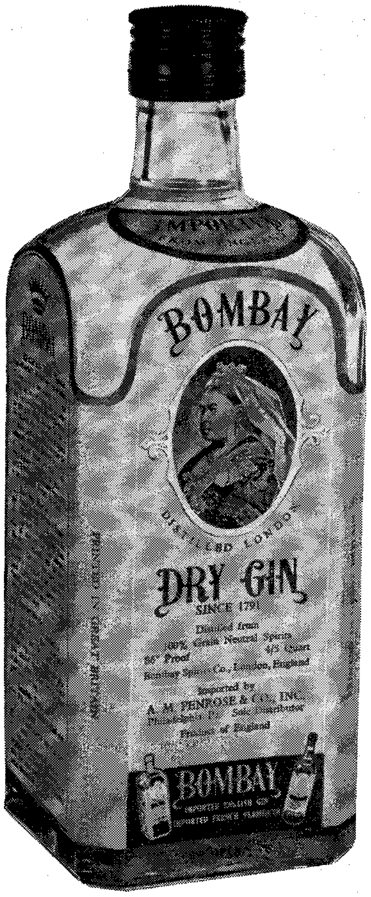
prices for butchers, and sows mostly steady"), and in the barbershop, the bank, the bar, the dining room, and the cafeteria (with steers-and-scenery murals) that are scattered through the building. Downtown Omaha is laid out like a grid, and the ladies walk up and down its streets shopping, many of them in Brandeis, a large store, or in the Thomas Kilpatrick & Co. Department Store, which up to a few years ago still sent out handwritten bills to its charge customers. It is all very well for the men to be at the yards, deep in butchers, barrows, and gilts, but they are missing many of the sights of a city that calls itself not only the World's Largest Livestock Market and Meat-Packing Center but the Crossroads of the Nation, the Agricultural Capital of the World, the Insurance and Finance Center of the Plains, the Nation's Largest Producer of Quick-Frozen Meat and Fruit Pies, the Gateway to the West, and the Gateway to the East. If one faces west, Omaha is the Gateway to the West. If one faces east, Omaha is the Gateway to the East.

Due east, across the Missouri, in Iowa, lies Council Bluffs. The bluffs themselves are high, brown, dusty, treeless, ominous palisades. Nothing seems to grow on them, and although real-estate developers keep eying them, they are uninhabited. Indians liked to powwow, chowchow, and blow smoke rings on Council Bluffs in the old days. The old days are gone. A cattleman's wife—or anybody else, for that matter—can stand gazing at Council Bluffs for so long that she will forget to turn west and see the tall headquarters of Mutual of Omaha and United of Omaha, or the fourteen-story home office of the Northern Natural Gas Company. Northern's chairman of the board, John F. Merriam, is a patron of the arts, a crusader for natural gas, a friend of pipelines, the chief designer of a unique circular conference table with movable parts for his directors' room, and the sixty-sixth King of Ak-Sar-Ben, a powerful civic organization that engages in good works and operates a pari-mutuel track, an annual rodeo, and the celebrated 4-H Baby Beef Show. Ak-Sar-Ben is Nebraska spelled backward. The people of Omaha like the word Ak-Sar-Ben almost as much as the word Nebraska, and a bridge called the Ak-Sar-Ben connects Ahamo and Licnuoc Sffulb.

IN Omaha, the land sweeps gently to the west, ever rising. Winds blow in from the plains, steaks are broiled,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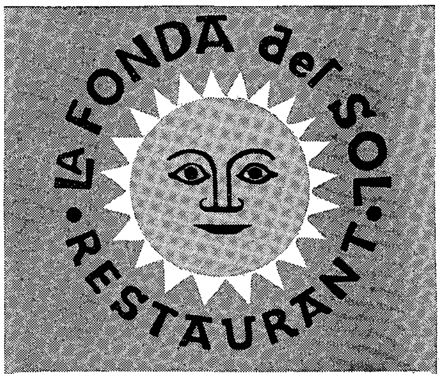
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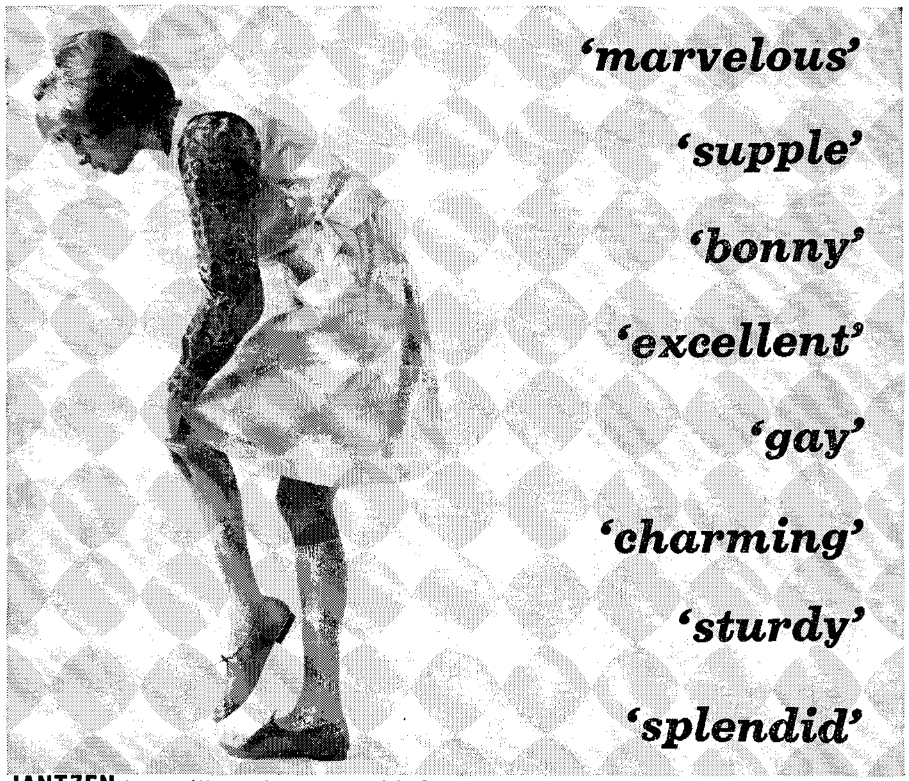
Ak-Sar-Ben crowns its kings, hospitals are built, bulldozers churn up entire neighborhoods for interstate highways. Life, as they say, goes on. Life goes on, too, at the Headquarters of the Strategic Air Command, several miles south of the city. "Don't Be Alarmed at Sudden Jet-Engine Noises," reads a sign on the highway near the approach to S.A.C. Headquarters. When visitors read the sign, they jump. It is the first indication that there is something other than the smell of pig in the Omaha air. Directly outside the huge headquarters of S.A.C.—off the highway and up a wide drive—is a huge sign reading "Peace Is Our Profession," and hard by it, amid neatly tended grass, stands a huge, silvery Atlas Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. It is a striking lawn ornament. The nerve center of S.A.C.—a retaliatory force, with planes in the air at all times—lies forty-five feet belowground, in the command post. Visitors reach it by descending concrete ramps and passing along fortresslike corridors, while being scrutinized by impassive guards who wear sidearms, black boots with thick white laces, and dark-blue berets. The berets have the intercontinental touch. Giant maps on rollers stretch the length of a hundred-and-forty-foot-long room, which is thirty-nine feet wide and twenty-one feet high. Heavy beige hangings hide many of the maps. A two-story glass-enclosed observation post, about fifty feet long, faces this room, which is the operations map room, and a desk runs the length of the observation post. At intervals along the desk are markers indicating which officer is to sit where and when: Chief Disaster Evaluation, Disaster Control Operations, and so on. Weather maps are everywhere. Facing the post, above the maps, are red clocks, blue clocks, green clocks, telling the time in Moscow, Omsk, Thule, Alaska, Tokyo, Guam, London, and Omaha. There is an Alert Hour clock. There is an Execution Hour clock. "Emergency plans would be revealed by pulling back the curtains covering the maps," a colonel remarks. Behind the observation post are thousands of red boxes, radar screens, switchboards, and colored lights on control boards. A quiet buzz fills the air.

"Time is the important element in the entire operation," the colonel says softly, but there is excitement in his voice. "To talk with Guam," he says, "all I have to do is pick up a phone." He picks up a phone and talks with Guam. "Can pick up a phone and talk anywhere in the free world *instantly*," he



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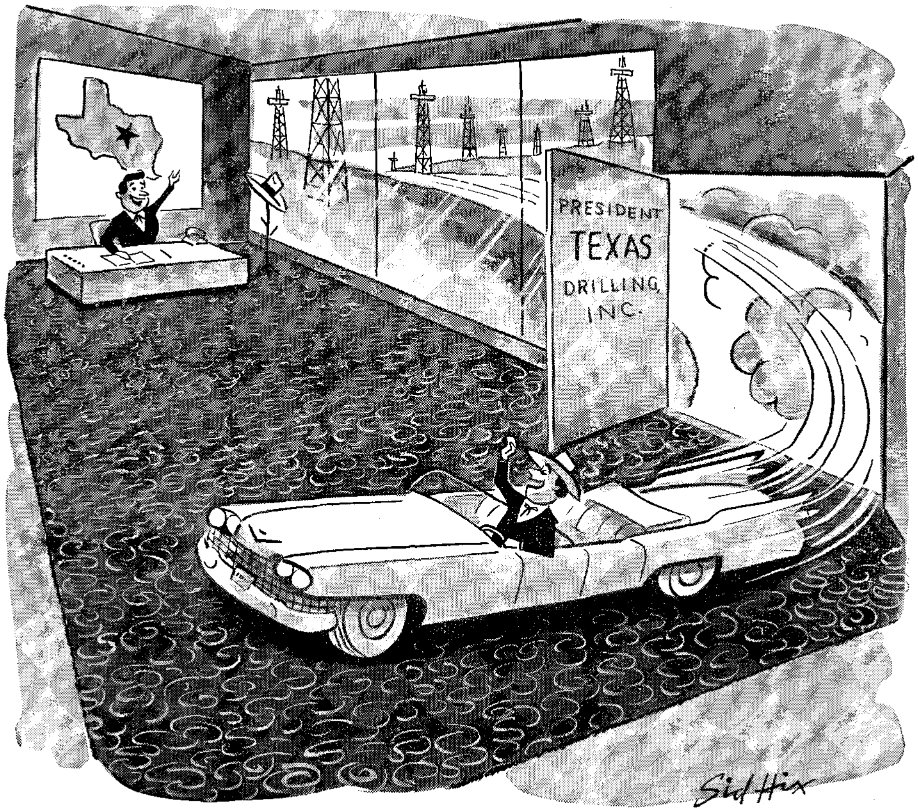

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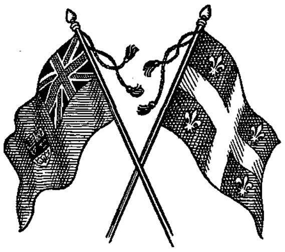

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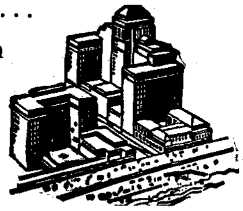

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says softly, but there is excitement in his voice. He draws in his breath. "That's the gold phone," he says, pointing to a gold phone. "The vital message would come in over the gold phone. And *that's* the red phone." He points to a red phone. "*The red phone!* The vital message would go out over the red phone. In fact, we have two red phones. *Can't take any chances on anything happening to the red phone!* Time is the important element in the entire operation. When Mr. K. wakes up in the morning in Moscow, we want him to know we are here. He doesn't forget we are here."

The bereted, white-laced guards are armed, the colonel says, in case someone should go crazy. That's the question most people ask him, the colonel says: What would happen if someone went crazy?

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

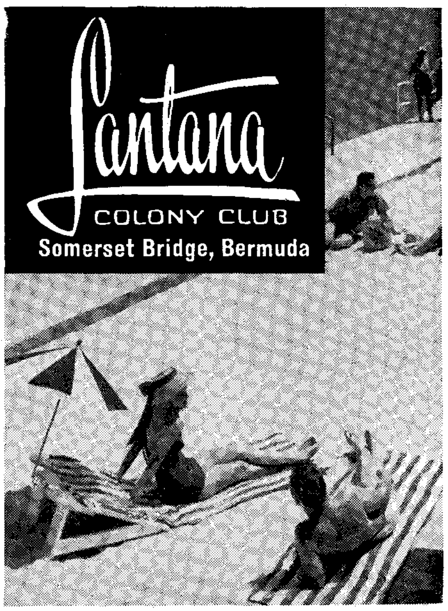
THREE BIRDS

A cage without its bird
swings in the courtyard, where,
a thing of golden wires
woven upon the air,
it takes the morning breeze,
arrests the sun in flight.
It seems a yellow bird
sings there, dissolved in light;
imprisoned in a cage
of air and sunlight blent,
the wholeness of its song
is disembodiment.

And yet it is in fact
another bird that sings—
in chinaberry shade—
preens gold or dusky wings,
and, hopping branch to branch,
half hidden in the leaves,
revives the rising notes
the distant ear receives.
The song repeats, repeats
its thrilling interval,
the promise that the bird
will soon be visible.

The empty golden cage
is airy as the tree,
airy as echoes are,
moving spaciously;
the treetop, riding high,
is but a cage of leaves
that shapes the passing song
the listener believes;
in his imprisonment,
he shuts his eyes to wake
another shining bird
singing in the brake.

—GENE BARO



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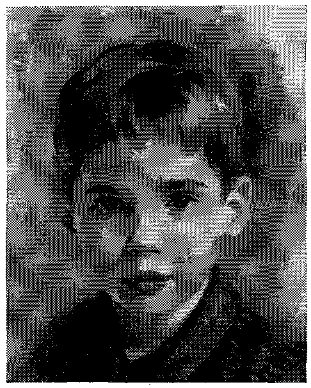

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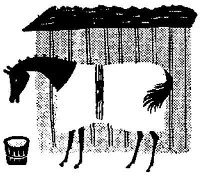
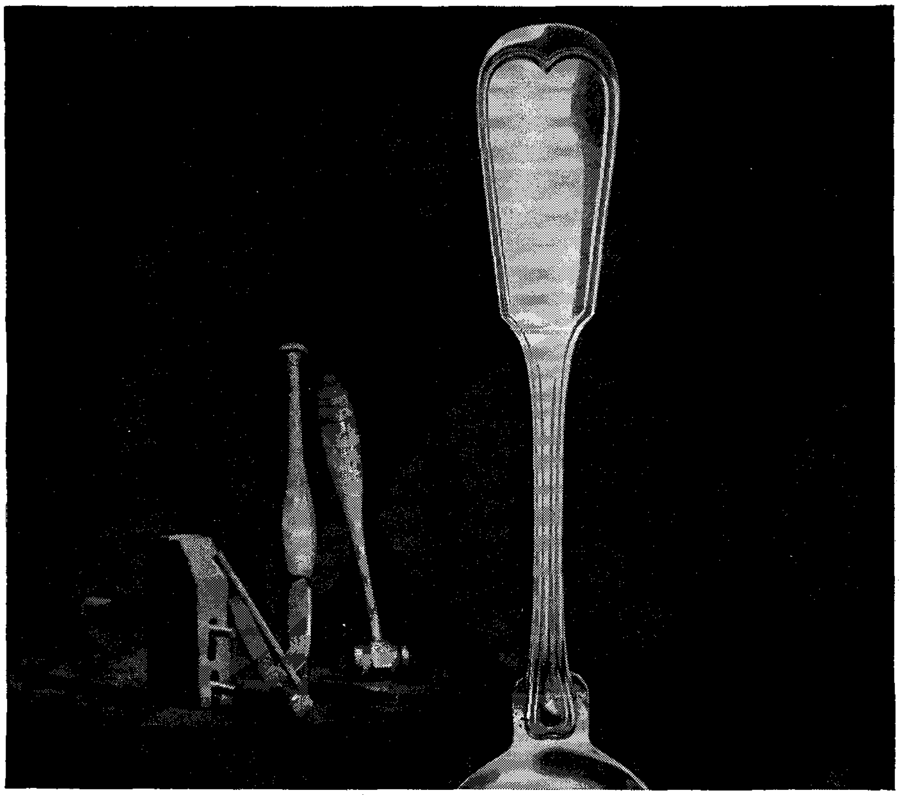


THERE was good racing all over the map last week, but the event most worthy of being remembered was the Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July, in which Kelso, the Bohemia Stable's pride and joy, scored an easy and thoroughly deserved victory. In spite of the fact that he carried 133 pounds and gave from ten to twenty-seven pounds to the nine other runners, he dominated the scene. Anyone who watched him follow Sarcastic's fast pace for six furlongs of the mile and a quarter, and then take command and draw away effortlessly in the stretch, could see what a horse he was. I might also add that Arcaro rode him with confidence and good judgment, which, from all accounts, he didn't do in the Whitney Stakes at Belmont last month. (Kelso finished second, you'll recall, but was given first place when Our Hope was disqualified for crowding.) For the record, Kelso won the Suburban by five lengths, with Nickel Boy, Talent Show, and Francis S. bunched behind him and the rest nowhere.

Kelso, you know, won the Metropolitan Handicap at Aqueduct on Memorial Day, and now, of course, ordinary racegoers and owners and trainers with hopefuls for the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct a week from Saturday are wondering whether he will go for that one. Although many horses have tried, only two—Whisk Broom II, in 1913, and Tom Fool, in 1953—have ever won the Metropolitan, the Suburban, and the Brooklyn the same season. (Golly, I hope the Racing Association doesn't call them the Big Triple Crown, or some such nonsense.) Needless to say, Kelso will have a first-rate chance if he starts in the Brooklyn, for he stands out above all the older horses in training—and above all the three-year-olds, too, for that matter. However, whether he runs will depend on what his stable thinks of the impost allotted him by Tommy Trotter, the official handicapper. It's my guess—and only that, because the weights won't be announced until the first of next week—that Kelso will be asked to carry 136 pounds. But an extra three pounds for winning the Suburban and $72,735 in prize money isn't excessive, and in my opinion he gave his opposition more



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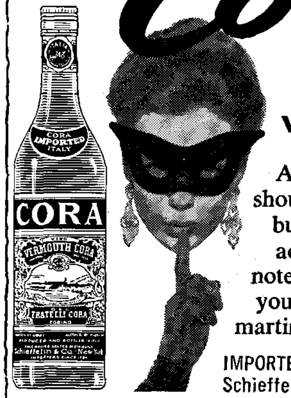

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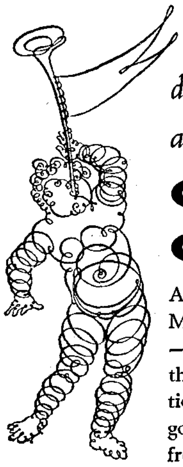

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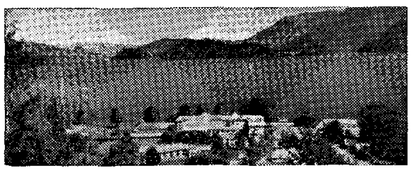
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than a three-pound beating. Besides, he's a great-hearted fellow and has such a smooth, powerful way of galloping that I'm sure he can bring it off.

BY far the most exciting finish of the week at Aqueduct was Wolfram's in the Sheepshead Bay Handicap on Saturday. It's well known that he likes to win the hard way, but I can't recall when he was so far behind less than three furlongs from home. Happily for the favorite-players, he got up in the last few strides to win by a neck from Wise Ship. Another bright spot that afternoon was the performance of Quill, who is running the way she used to. She picked off the Level Best Purse, making it two in a row for her.

THE return to Aqueduct, where racing will continue until Saratoga opens, the end of this month, didn't bring everyone down to earth with as much of a bump as it has in the past. Indeed, the Big A never looked better, or the grass greener. As for additions and innovations, the parking lots hold more cars, there's an inviting ice-cream parlor on the first floor of the clubhouse (it got a big play, too, on those hot days early in the meeting), and there's a new thirty-five-foot mural on the second floor called "A Pageant of Thoroughbred Racing" and consisting of caricatures of men and horses prominent on the American turf since the nineties. It is by Pierre Bellocq, whose amusing cartoons appear in the *Morning Telegraph* and are signed Peb. The mural is well done, if an old-timer may say so. There are omissions, but I don't suppose you can blame Peb, because he's been in this country only a few years, having come over from France in 1954. One omission is Herbert Bayard Swope, who was chairman of the New York State Racing Commission from 1934, when it really began to function as a governing body, until he resigned, in 1944, but that was a long time ago, and I suppose people forget how racing flourished under his dictature. Another omission is Johnny Walters, the kingpin bookmaker on the New York tracks for nearly half a century. If there hadn't been bookmakers, there wouldn't have been any racing in those bad old days. Originally, Walters was betting commissioner for William C. Whitney, and for a time was the only bookmaker allowed to operate in the clubhouse. He used to handle the orders, as they were called, of Payne Whitney, Harry Payne Whitney, Harry Sinclair, Joshua Cosden, and Gifford Cochran, none of whom liked to bet in less than five fig-

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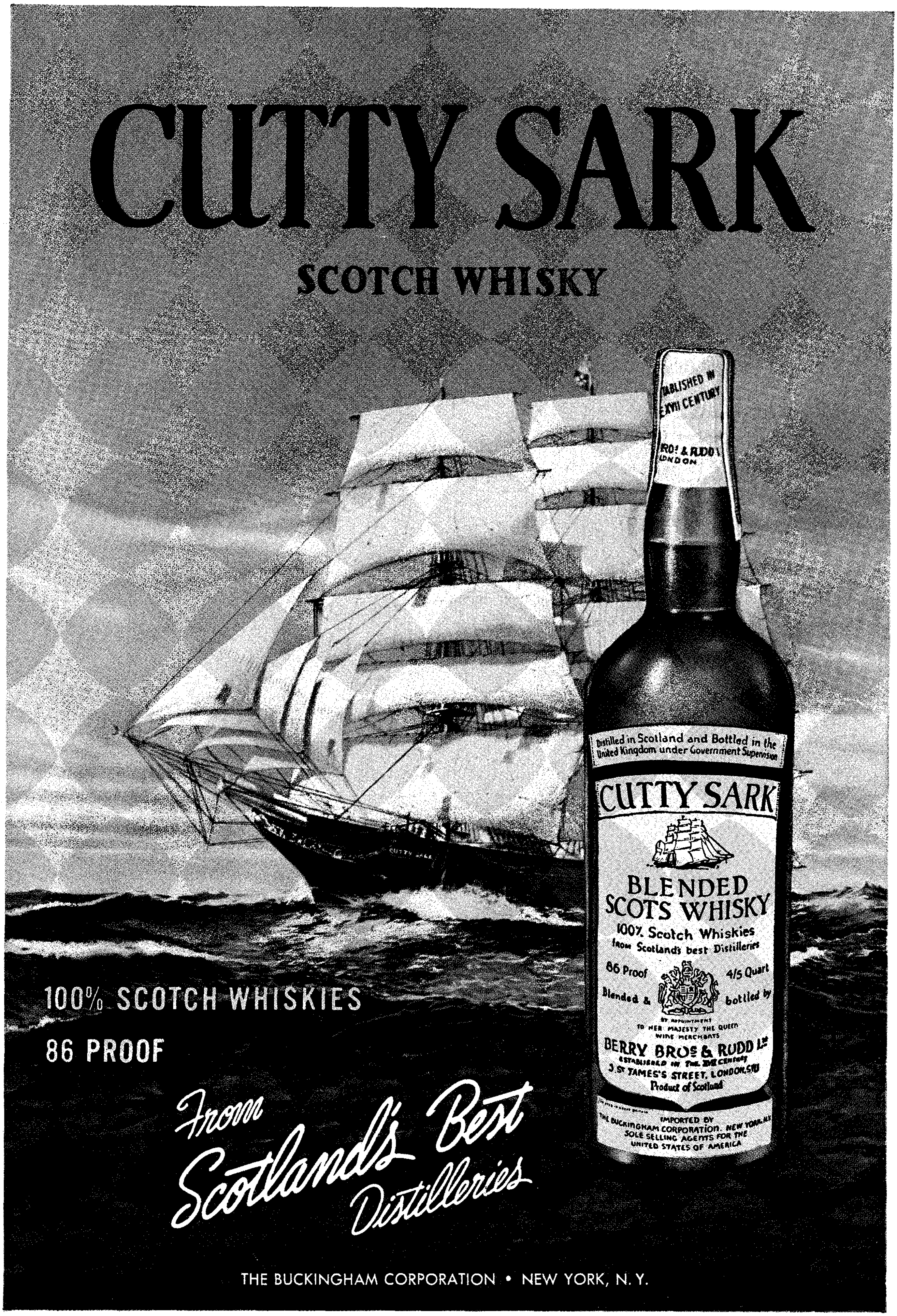
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ures, and he also dealt with the big professionals and the clubhouse high rollers. I remember the time the *Daily Racing Form* carried a story on its front page about how Laurel had handled $700,000 in the mutuels the day before and that it was a record high for Maryland. I mentioned this to Walters. "Oh," he said, "I'll handle that much myself any Saturday at Saratoga." Another time, he told me that coming up to the last week at Empire City in July he was something like four hundred and fifty thousand loser on the season. That week, a blight seemed to fall on the favorites. "I not only got even but went up to Saratoga about three hundred and fifty thousand winner," he said. There were half a dozen other big bookmakers in the clubhouse in those days.

PRIMONETTA is still booming along. Early last week, she won another race at Monmouth, running her winning streak up to eight firsts in as many starts—four as a two-year-old last autumn, and four this season. Jim Conway, who trains her, thought it was quite her easiest victory. Her next race will be in the Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park this weekend. I daresay the mysterious plunger who has been betting twenty-five thousand on her to show at Monmouth (and getting back ten cents on the dollar) will have another modest flutter.

THE three-year-old colts were in action again last weekend. In Chicago, Globemaster surprised almost nobody by winning the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park. He varied his tactics, though. Instead of leading all the way, he came from behind in the stretch to beat Editorialist, a 70–1 shot, by a neck. Crozier, who had been resting for more than a month, was third, and Beau Prince was fourth. And, out on the Coast, neither Sherluck, who won the Belmont Stakes last month, nor Guadalcanal, who impressed watchers no end in a gallop at Belmont recently, was prominent at any stage of the Hollywood Derby at Hollywood Park. Four-and-Twenty, who runs well on the California tracks and not so well elsewhere, had the race all to himself, leading from start to finish. We're Hoping was second, and Bushel-N-Peck, a filly, was third. So it goes.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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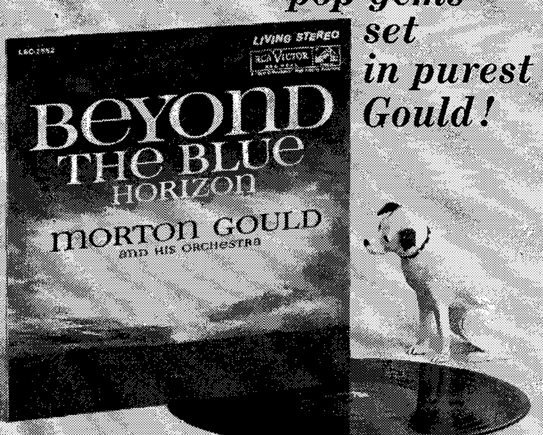

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BOOKS

One Man's Stendhal

MOST people who read unself-consciously, eager to suspend disbelief and to be drawn into a world a writer has imagined, are apt to find at least one author who suits them perfectly, whose work is at once a revelation and a private letter. The discovery is a kind of falling in love, and it occurs before the reader can justify it. Jean Dutourd, the bright young French writer whose "A Dog's Head," "The Best Butter," "Five A.M.," and "The Taxis of the Marne" have already appeared in this country, had just this sort of response to Stendhal: "It was not until after I had turned twenty," he tells us in "The Man of Sensibility" (translated by Robin Chancellor and published by Simon & Schuster), "that I read a book by Stendhal. My amazement knew no bounds. At last I *had found my native land*! I was a different person after reading this book." He had turned into a Stendhalian, and he proves it by telling us, some pages later in this tribute to the man who made him a different person, that he first read Stendhal when he was eighteen—a nice little confusion that could have been created by the Master himself, whose works are full of such small inconsistencies. "The Man of Sensibility" is neither criticism nor biography; instead, it is Dutourd's testimonial to Stendhal as a writer, a personality, and an inspiration. Such a book is, naturally, of vast interest to friends and admirers of Stendhal and Dutourd; it can also serve as a dashing introduction to both.

Non-Stendhalians often think of Stendhal as the hero of a cult, and even suggest that Stendhalians are attracted most of all by the chance to join a club. They are wrong; Stendhalians begin, the way Dutourd did, as solitaries, and part of their enthusiasm comes from having had to find him by themselves. Dutourd reminds me that when I was seventeen I came on "The Charterhouse of Parma" and read it in what may properly be called a transport, amazed that any human being could write so well. By then I had worked through college French literature to "The Romantic Period: 1800-40" (each semester's worth was neatly sliced from the whole and labelled, like supermarket cheese), and I had been required to read yards of Lamartine, a useless poet, but not one line of Stendhal. (As long as education serves up the culls of literature, can adults complain if the young don't read?) Even in French schools, it seems, Dutourd was not taught Stendhal, and, to his delight, he found him "a man in complete disagreement with everything my teachers and family had told me." Dutourd grew up in Paris in the nineteen-thirties, and took heart in his rebellion against his middle-class background from Stendhal's rebellion against *his* middle-class background in Grenoble in the seventeen-eighties and nineties. He believes that Stendhal's loathing for the lies and hypocrisy that surrounded him in his boyhood impelled him to tell the truth in his writing. Perhaps, but it isn't the whole story. Most lies adults tell are the product of resignation; they know what is on the menu and try to persuade the younger generation, as they have half persuaded themselves, that stewed prunes are more delightful than chocolate soufflé. Stendhal never got mixed up; nowhere in his life or writings does he extoll stewed prunes. Yet truthtelling in writing is less a matter of ethics than of genius. George Eliot, for instance, a writer you get in school and a stewed-prunes novelist if ever there was one, was probably not lying; she just lacked talent.

Dutourd loved Stendhal because he was a rebel, and I because he wrote marvellous prose; Stendhalians may have formed a club, but we have not agreed on a tie. To be sure, there is a set of textbook facts: Stendhal's dates (1783-1842); his career as a Napoleonic functionary, part military, part

"This all seems so pointless."

civilian, followed by a period as a vagabond, not very successful man of letters, and then, after the revolution of July, 1830, by a return to the public payroll as the French consul in Civitavecchia. No one disputes these, and everybody, further, stipulates that Stendhal spent most of his adult life falling in love, being in love, or getting over being in love, and that his books didn't sell. After that, there's a Stendhal for each Stendhalian.

Dutourd's Stendhal is a veteran. Dutourd himself served in the Second World War and in the French Resistance, and he imagines Stendhal retaining a lifelong self-control and warlike firmness as a legacy from the few Napoleonic battles he saw. Dutourd will not even permit Stendhal to be silly, insisting that his devotion to transparent codes and cuckoo aliases (by which he expected to confound the secret police of all nations when they examined his journals or opened his correspondence) was sensible, for, Dutourd reminds us, secret police were everywhere during the German Occupation. Dutourd's soldierly Stendhal is a stranger to me—a lifetime civilian—and possibly a valuable corrective to my own rather anarchic Stendhal, who lacks the temperament to command or obey. Obviously the original was so flashing a prism that each of us glimpses only part of the spectrum, the part that most nearly resembles himself. Dutourd thinks of Stendhal as a comrade-in-arms; he also thinks of him as a pal. He has based his own book on a memorial biographical essay written after Stendhal's death by Prosper Mérimée, who had known Stendhal and hung around Paris with him. Mérimée was twenty years Stendhal's junior and light-years his inferior, but he writes as if Stendhal were an interesting odd character who would assuredly be forgotten except as Mérimée got him down on paper. Mérimée's patronizing tone annoys me; it doesn't, for some reason, bother Dutourd. He takes paragraphs from Mérimée's work as texts for his own commentaries, and, just as if, like Mérimée, he had gone to salons and cafés with Stendhal, he revels in Stendhal's resentment of bores. Dutourd describes his own misery when, after writing all day and longing for company, he goes out and is attacked by talkative bores. He makes them sound like piranhas. Stendhal and Dutourd are unjust; they both owe a great deal to bores. Half the court of Parma in "The Charterhouse" are bores, and so are two-thirds of the salon of the Marquis de La Mole in "The Red and the Black," and so is practically the whole

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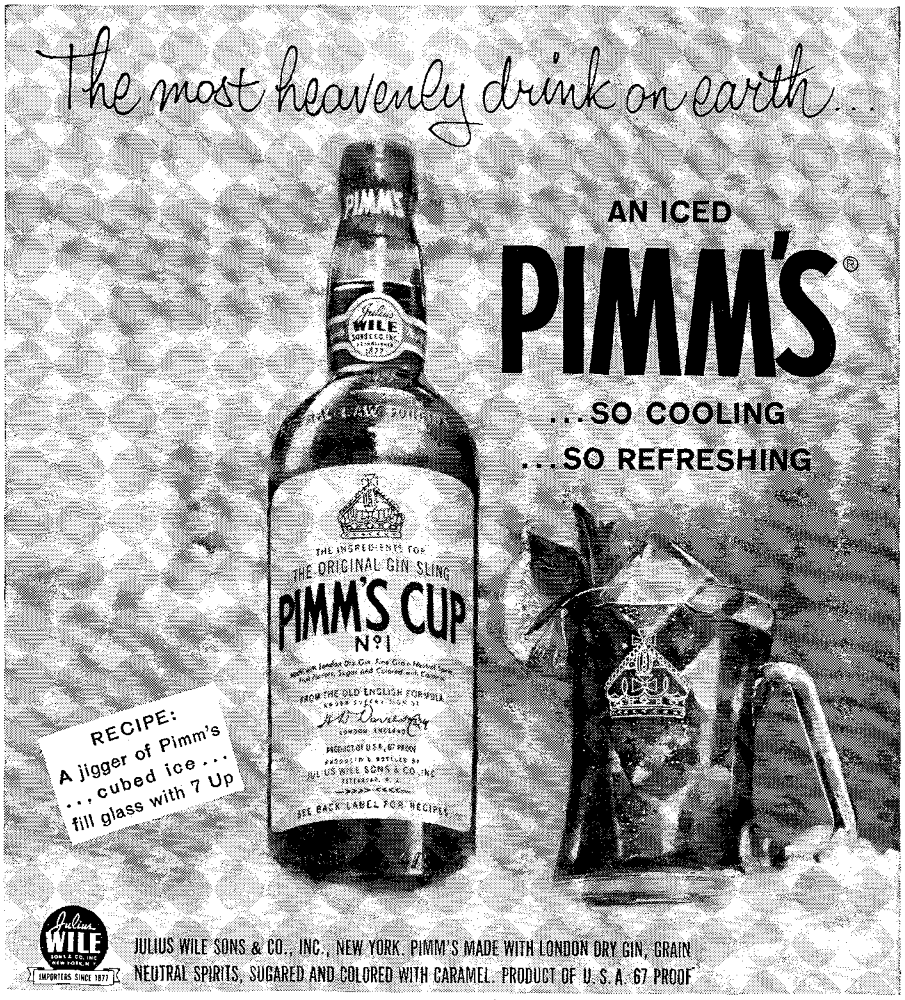

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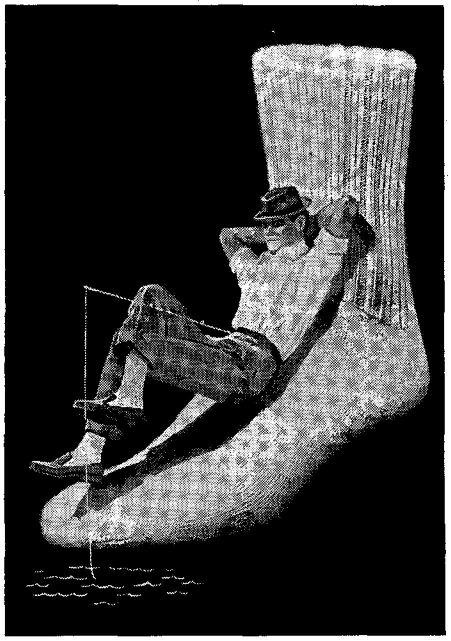

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population of Nancy in "Lucien Leuwen"—not to mention the infamous couple in Dutourd's "The Best Butter." It is not too difficult to invent heroes and heroines; wish, fantasy, and sympathy will do the job. Bores, as necessary to novelists as thinner is to house painters, are harder to create, and it helps to have met some.

Dutourd thinks very little of critics—he picks off a reviewer who praised a metaphor in his own "Five A.M." that, on second thought, Dutourd finds too flowery—and he attributes his contempt of criticism to Stendhal. Stendhal always talked of writing for "the happy few," but I doubt that any writer can be as indifferent as Dutourd's Stendhal to the neglect of contemporary readers and reviewers. Dutourd, like many Stendhalians, is impressed by the accuracy of Stendhal's prediction that he would come into his public toward the end of the nineteenth century. Still, accurate prophets are not necessarily cheerful or even resigned, and Stendhal was so markedly absorbed in the moment and the day—in the woman he loved, in the opera he was hearing—that it is hard to imagine that he really consoled himself with the future or seriously hoped it would vindicate him. Stendhal was an honest man, and posterity, to paraphrase Dr. Johnson, is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Dutourd certainly disagrees with Dr. Johnson about patriotism. He is himself an ardent patriot who, in "The Taxis of the Marne," railed at his compatriots to stimulate their devotion to French *grandeur*. So he has seen in Stendhal's unkind remarks about the French the loving correction of a patriot, a nationalist, a Bonapartist, and, anachronistically, a Gaullist. This super-French Stendhal is an unlikely one and a diminished one. I prefer to remember that Stendhal admired noble extravagance and called it "Spanishness," adored Italy, and read English literature, and to think of him as a skeptical cosmopolitan, with too much of the eighteenth century in his makeup to be a nationalist. In that respect he appears more sensible than such twentieth-century types as General de Gaulle, M. Dutourd, or me. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ALL THE SUMMER DAYS, by Ned Calmer (Little, Brown). The sense of nostalgia that dominates Mr. Calmer's novel deprives it of the intensity it must have if its characters and their actions and attitudes are

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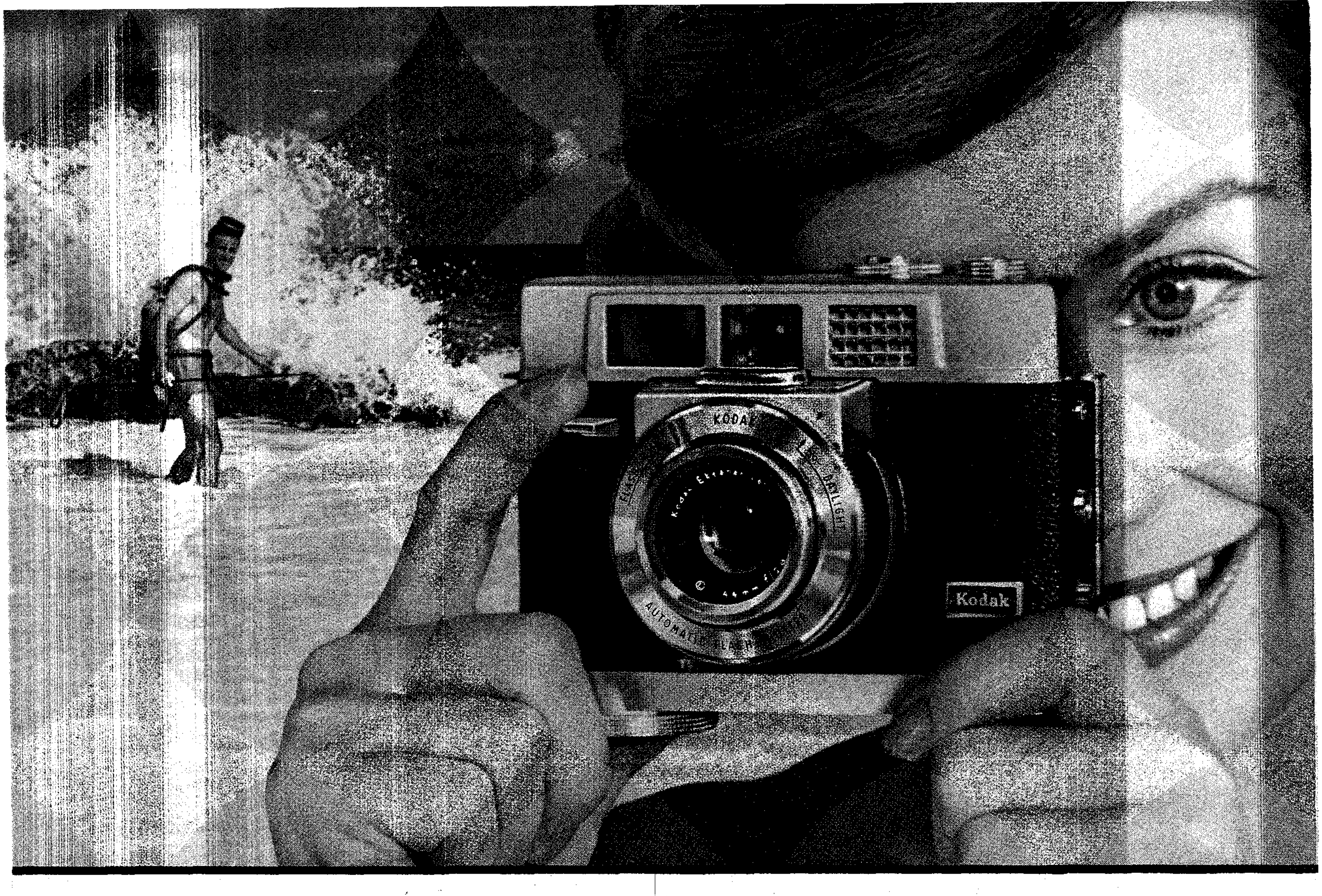

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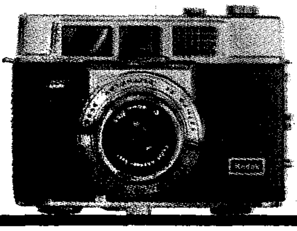

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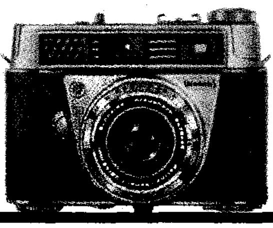

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M&R vermouth is a **mustissimo** *for Manhattans and Martinis.* OUTSIDE THE U. S. AND CANADA IT'S **MARTINI** VERMOUTH • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK to be believed in; as it is, one has the feeling of reading about things that happened long ago and that no longer matter very much. The action centers on a small newspaper called the *Paris American*, staffed by a little group of young, headstrong, variously talented American men and women whose appetite for life makes the world brilliant for them and for the circle that collects around them. The story is told in one long flashback, as Alex Gardner, once one of the most enthusiastic of the group and now back in America teaching for a living and quite domesticated, returns to Paris, pays a visit to the *Paris American* office, and begins to remember the days of long ago and the companions of his youth. The writing is strong and vivid. Mr. Calmer gives his people everything but their natural importance—they turn into memories as fast as they appear.

MEMED, MY HAWK, by Yashar Kemal, translated from the Turkish by Edouard Roditi (Pantheon). A direct and childlike tale of good people and bad people, set in modern Turkey. The peasant hero, who is a boy of about eleven when we first meet him, suffers persecution at the hands of the cruel village overlord, a hardhearted man who beats women and children, and punishes disobedience by starvation. As the hero grows up, his hatred for his oppressor increases, and he waits for the moment when he will be strong enough to exact vengeance. While waiting, he falls in love, elopes, loses his girl, rescues her from her captors, and finally loses her forever. Mr. Kemal's people do not think; they act. And when they feel or suffer, we know what is going on because Mr. Kemal describes the effects of these feelings and these sufferings on the faces and bodies of his characters. The writing has a self-conscious innocence, and the workmanship is thin, so that in the end we feel that we have been given a very diluted fairy tale, told at much too great length.

THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS, by Stanley Baron (Little, Brown). This novel deals with a chance meeting in Cannes between a wealthy American expatriate, Milly Grace, and a broken-down concert pianist, Poujovkine, who suffers a heart attack after the last concert of his career. But the coming together of these two—the woman practical and kindly, the man desperate and unhappy—resembles a collision of butterflies

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A REPORTER HERE AND THERE

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more than of lonely, mutually attracted human beings. Mr. Baron's precise, snowflake style seems to melt before one's eyes.

GENERAL

HORACE WALPOLE, by Wilmarth Sheldon Lewis (Pantheon). Mr. Lewis, the celebrated editor of the monumental in-progress Yale edition of Walpole's enormous correspondence (twenty-five volumes published, twenty-five volumes to come), easily knows more about Walpole than Walpole knew himself. As a result, this handsome book—the Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts for 1960—is not so much a short biography as it is a personal memoir. It is Walpole the man who fascinates Mr. Lewis and who, when Mr. Lewis is done, fascinates us. For here is Walpole setting out, before he was twenty, to record his century, from the vantage point of wealth, intelligence, and taste, in letters, many of them unrivalled examples of an increasingly fading art—how to communicate clearly, truthfully, stylishly, and entertainingly on paper. Here, too, are Walpole the antiquary, Walpole the designer, Walpole the novelist, Walpole the tragedian, Walpole the poet, Walpole the publisher, Walpole the politician, Walpole the essayist, and Walpole the critic. Best of all, here is Walpole himself—slender, witty, celibate, industrious, loyal, vicious, humble, vain, gouty, and dapper. Mr. Lewis points out that Walpole consciously wrote for *us*, even in such insignificant passages as this, which was written to a lifelong correspondent nearly two hundred years ago: "Well, we [Walpole and John Chute, who was visiting Walpole and was bedridden with gout] bid you good night; we have nothing more to tell you; he is going to sleep, and I and my dogs are retiring to the library." But he takes more than his dogs with him to his library; he takes us, too. Copiously illustrated with reproductions of paintings, water colors, drawings, silhouettes, documents, and the like.

GONE AWAY: AN INDIAN JOURNEY, by Dom Moraes (Little, Brown). A summer at home with the expatriated son of the editor of the *Times of India*. Mr. Moraes, a product of Oxford (where he won the Hawthornden Prize for poetry in 1958) who lives in London and has just turned twenty-two, makes a rather unpleasant first impression. He is painfully effete and as skittish as a girl, his

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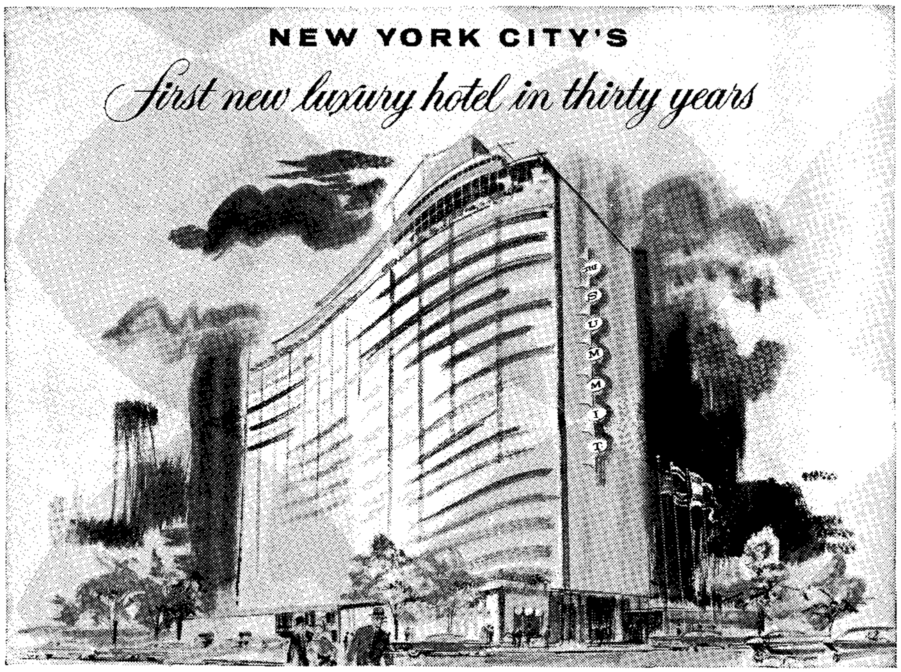
self-esteem is towering, and he takes pleasure in the fact that his mother tongue is English and that he speaks none of the Indian languages. But if we persevere, this impression gradually alters. He has virtues to balance his faults, and as we follow him on a speakeasy tour of Bombay, to audiences with Nehru and the exiled Dalai Lama, to the deathbed of the Nepalese poet L. P. Devkota, and on a rugged jaunt to the Sikkim-Tibet border, we realize that there is strength beneath the silken manner, that the indolent eye is sharp as flint, that we are in the company of an uncommonly gifted, natural-born reporter.

THE JAZZ LIFE, by Nat Hentoff (Dial). A socio-economic handbook on jazz, and, as such (since most writing in the field is concerned with either the music or its personalities), something of a novelty. Mr. Hentoff's approach is descriptive rather than analytical. He shows us the all but intolerable conditions under which most jazz musicians work, the fleecing they habitually take from the numerous sharpies (agents, entrepreneurs, record-company representatives) who surround them, the crippling insecurities of racial intolerance (since most of them, and most of the best, are Negroes), the widespread public indifference or antagonism to the true nature of their art, and the equally crippling weapons (narcotics, insularity, hatred) that they sometimes employ in self-defense. He also shows us, by way of two practically stenographic accounts of recording sessions, the utter dedication with which the jazzman approaches his work. An entirely meritorious book.

NOTE: "A Reporter Here and There," by E. J. Kahn, Jr., a collection of sixteen articles on a variety of subjects and concerning a variety of places, has been published by Random House. Most of the pieces first appeared in this magazine, occasionally in somewhat different form.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET RENTS A ROOM, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Richard Brain (Doubleday). A model example of the passive thriller that is M. Simenon's inimitable and (now that repetition has somewhat dulled its novelty) insufficiently appreciated invention. The crime whose solution invites our attention could hardly be more trifling. A detective, engaged in a routine robbery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FIVE-YEAR PLAN

The five-year plan may be in bad odor because of its Russian origin. But there's a good deal to be said for the idea all the same. A plan for a specific number of years can be a wonderfully effective incentive-giver and goal-establisher.

Suppose you've thought about owning your share of American business but can't manage to buy stocks at the moment. Don't give up the idea for lack of immediate cash. Instead, why not provide yourself with a five-year plan? Set aside a certain sum of money each year for the next five years.

But don't stop there. Do some hypothetical investing, too — just for practice. Start reading the financial page of your newspaper. Choose a half dozen companies that look to you like good investments — perhaps companies that make products you use every day. Follow the performances of their stocks and see how they are affected by news developments, by the activities of their competitors, by their own research and marketing programs.

Then five years from now (or seven or ten or fifteen), when you are ready to invest in fact instead of just in theory, you'll be as knowledgeable as a seasoned stockholder and have a background such as few novice investors can boast.

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investigation, is shot down and wounded on a quiet street in a working-class neighborhood in Paris, and Maigret, having nothing better to do, takes over the case. He moves into a rooming house near the scene, acquaints himself (and us) with the people who live and work on the block, and, when his understanding of the desperate tranquillity of their lives is complete, lethargically, reluctantly, incisively gets his man.

THE SLEUTH AND THE LIAR, by John Sherwood (Doubleday). An extremely artful piece of sleight-of-hand involving a seventeen-year-old boy on holiday before his first term at Oxford and a pretty but most peculiar girl who briefly crosses his path. It is a measure of the author's skill that the end of his story is just around the corner before even its basic nature begins to emerge. Are we embroiled in murder, in blackmail, in robbery, in adultery, in kidnapping? We haven't the foggiest idea, but we are inextricably gripped and enthralled. The setting is an English seaside resort near Brighton.

NIGHTMARE, by Anne Blaisdell (Harper). A thoroughly creepy story about an American girl whose holiday ramble in Wales leads straight to the clutches of a slavering female religious fanatic. It is complete nonsense from start to finish (particularly the finish, which rises almost to farce), but once entangled in Miss Blaisdell's cunning web we willingly ignore that workaday fact.

•

"Some of My Members I'd like to See Go to Hell" will be the sermon topic of Rev. Albert Miller, pastor of First Methodist Church, 709 Washington st., Hoboken, at 11 a. m., worship service Sunday.

What is hell? Why should a minister want any of his members to go to hell? Who are these people that the minister would like to see go to hell? These are some of the questions that will be discussed by Rev. Mr. Miller.—*Union City (N. J.) Hudson Dispatch.*

Next week, "Nuts to One and All."

•

A MOMENT OF EMPHASIS ON CAPITOL HILL

[*Press release from Congressman John H. Dent, of Pennsylvania*]

Dent emphasized, "If we throw stones of criticism we will break the glass houses and the idols standing on their feet of clay will be toppled from their pedestals of self-exaltation by the angry winds created by the righteous indignation of the Americans sacrificed on the cross of gold by selfish, greedy men and their stooges in high places."

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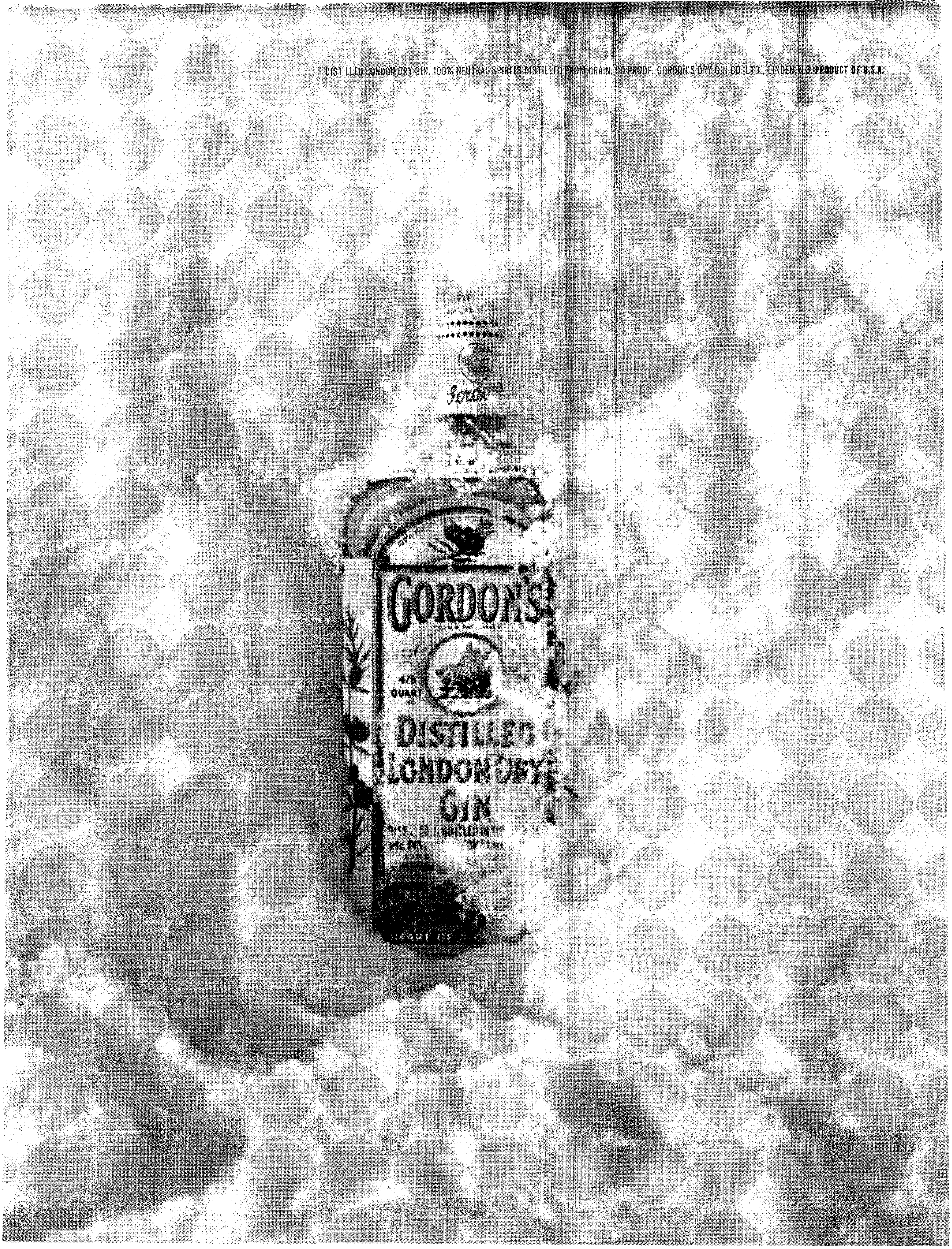
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